JOHN BULL, MAY 10, 1924. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

No. 998. SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1924. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

A WOMAN'S ASTOUNDING LIFE STORY

BY

"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

P D

D

"P.D" is the Whisky you can't drown

See that you get the "bramble" and "dimple" bottle when you ask for "P.D"

Do your friends know Peter Dawson?

MEN who have been led to try Peter Dawson have found a whisky beyond their expectations. A whisky to respect for its individuality. A whisky to enjoy for its age and genuine maturity. A whisky to introduce to every friend and to strengthen every friendship.

A sparkling tribute to "P.D"

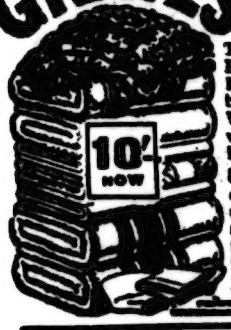
Mix "P.D" with soda water and you will get a spontaneous testimonial to its goodness. The rare Highland malts of the "P.D" blend are endowed with a vitality that refuses to be subdued. It is the most favoured partner, both at home and abroad, of every brand of soda water that it meets.

PETER DAWSON LIMITED

Distillers: 82, Great Clyde Street, GLASGOW
London Office: Lion House, 27-30, Tower Hill, E.C

Give your friends "P.D" and enjoy their enjoyment of it

GRAVES



BARGAIN SALE

Unrivalled in excellence & value. Contains: 1 pr. 11-Wool Blankets; 1 pr. White Fleecy Blankets; 1 pair Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All warranted full double bed size. £4:10:0

Delivered to approved orders for 10/- with order, balance 10/- month'y. Money back if not delighted. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

IT WON'T LADDER!

Ladies! Buy this GUARANTEED RUN-LADDER ARTIFICIAL SILK STOCKINETTE PRINCESS SKIRT

8/11 Post Free.

Very stylish and serviceable, 54 in. round hem, 46 in. long, with fashionable low waist. Ideal for Summer and Sports wear. Shades: Grey, Sky, Heliotrope, Ivory, Champagne, Apple, Saxe, Black. Really wonderful value. Buy one and save retailers' profits.

2 for 17/-
3 for 25/-

KNICKERS to match. (Directoire) 6/6, 2 for 12/6, 3 for 18/-

Money returned if not satisfied.

THE SOPHON STORES "B" Dept. 358, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

8/- MONTHLY

The charm of being well dressed is now within your reach. Here we offer you on simple easy terms the pick of this season's designs, our "Melba" costume, the most fashionable, up-to-date, and as smart a garment as any lady could wish to wear. Tailormade in good quality Gabardine, guaranteed good workmanship. Look at the attractive design, the beautiful silk stitching round basque and sleeves, the long roll collar, fancy buckle, Paisley lining, and remember the quality is guaranteed and the price is only £3/-, on easy terms 8/- monthly. It is a high-class West End style. Send 8/- deposit and have the costume to examine before paying anything further, it's the only safe way. If satisfied, you pay 8/- monthly; if not satisfied, your deposit is refunded. Send 8/- to-day and say which colour we shall send you:—Navy, Nigger, Mole, or Black, and you have the costume to wear while paying for it.

Supplied in all Ladies' sizes or made to measure. Also in Maids' sizes, 30/6 or 7/6 monthly.

Costumes 38/- to £8.

Price List Post Free.

MASTERS Ltd. 28 & 29, Hope Stores, RYE.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

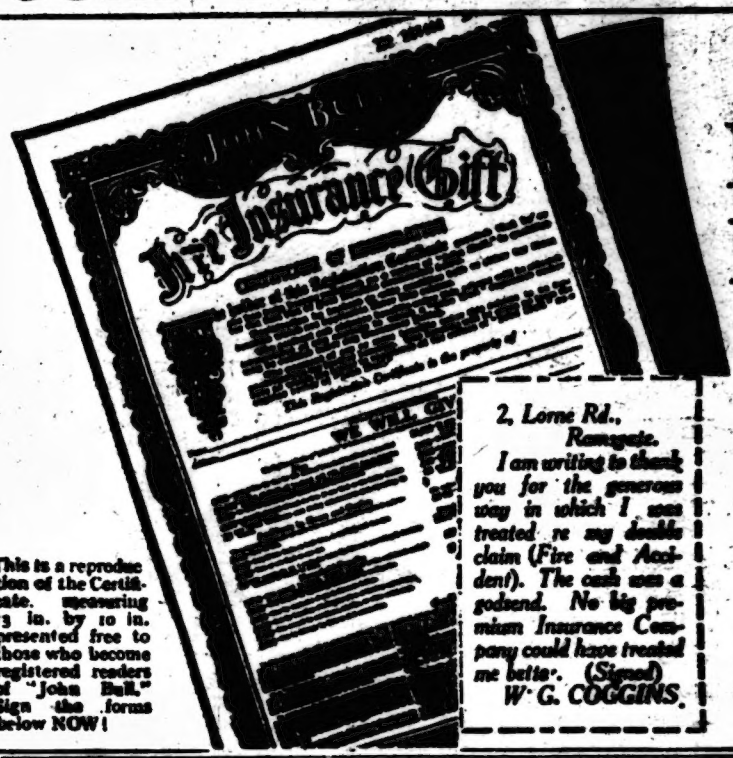
I was bald. My hair grew anew as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by compound used by American Indians. This contains genuine bear oil, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to—

J. H. BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (53 E.F.), London, W.1.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT



This is a reproduction of the Certificate, measuring 13 in. by 10 in. presented free to those who become registered readers of "John Bull." Sign the forms below NOW!

2, Lorne Rd., Ramsgate.

I am writing to thank you for the generous way in which I was treated re my double claim (Fire and Accident). The cash was a godsend. No big premium Insurance Company could have treated me better. (Signed) *W. G. COGGINS.*

WHY PAY INSURANCE PREMIUMS?

"John Bull" covers you FREE!

"NO big premium Insurance Company could have treated me better," says Mr. Coggins, whose letter we quote opposite. Exactly. But why pay insurance premiums at all, when JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift covers you free?

Apart from not being called upon to pay a heavy premium ("John Bull's" Gift stands, if taken out through an insurance Company, cost the reader at least 25/- per annum), our readers appreciate the kindly sympathy and consideration they receive by laying their claims before JOHN BULL personally and not before an Insurance Company.

Fire, Accidents, Storm, Sickness—they all come when least expected. Sign the forms below now There is nothing to pay.

What JOHN BULL Gives

FIRE

£400 — against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.

£500 — in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 — or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum sent during retirement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS in HOME & GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the Husband or wife of the registered reader —

£250 — loss of life.

£250 — loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125 — loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300 — loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300 — loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100 — loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100 — loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£100 — loss caused by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.

£300 — loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500 — if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 — or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10 — Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars housebreakers, or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader —

£5 5s. — for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250 — in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse,

or as amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250 — If the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating or, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

Total Benefits Now Paid—12,327

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 10/5/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 10/5/24.

SEND NO MONEY.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C. 2. Please send me the "John Bull" Pen and the FREE Gift of a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. If I keep same, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage), otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State if broad—medium—fine nib (cross out those not required). If remittance is sent cross P.O. cheque "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." ..... J.B. 10.5.24.

"Hugely delighted with my bargain,"

says Mr. W. Loveday, 40, Curry Street, Aberaman, Aberdare. "Nothing I've ever purchased has given me greater satisfaction. How you can afford to sell a 17/6 Pen for 5/6 and give away a 2/6 Pencil as well is to me a baffling problem. I was just about purchasing a pen and was prepared to give 17/6, or even more, but whatever price I paid I could not wish for a better pen than yours . . ."

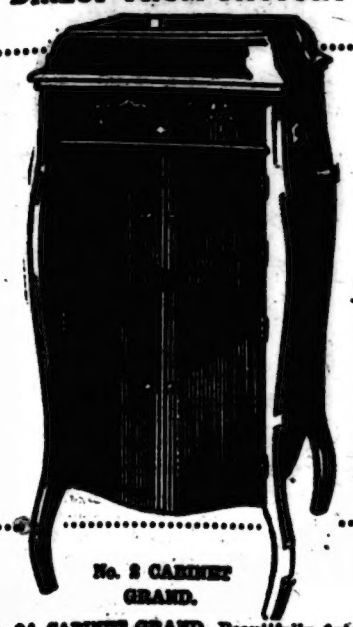
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

The Nib is guaranteed for two years and has a 14-ct. solid gold nib. The "Everpointed" Pencil is complete with rubber and re-fills.

Send for this Amazing Bargain To-day.

A 15-Guinea CABINET GRAMOPHONE for £7 : 10 : 0

DIRECT FROM FACTORY



No. 2 CABINET GRAND.

No. 2A CABINET GRAND. Beautifully finished Cabinet, as illustrated but not inlaid, chiefly consisting of mahogany. 3 ft. 4 ins. high. Powerful Swiss double-spring 2-record motor, famous "Fullotone" Junior sound-box and all latest 1924 improvements.

FACTORY PRICE - - £7 10 0

or 6 monthly payments of £1 6 0

(No. 2, inlaid as illustrated, £7 15 0)

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

On receipt of remittance the "Fullotone" is sent you carriage paid, and if you are dissatisfied after 7 days' free trial, simply return it and we refund money in full.

Write for NEW Catalogue and deferred terms. A full range of 20 models can be seen at our showrooms.

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.,

(Dept. J.B.8), 289, Great College Street, Camden Town, London, N.W.1. North 2235, and at The Service Co., 289, High Holborn, W.C., and T. & J. Roberts, Ltd., Moorhead, Sheffield.

FULLOTONE

MODEL No. 660 A

2/6 WEEKLY

Buy Your Bike Direct from FACTORY

and get a brand-new mount with all the latest improvements for

£5 5s. CASH

or on easy terms of payment to suit yourself.

No shopkeeper will let you ride a cycle a fortnight *FREE*. But WE WILL. So send for a Mead on 15 days' Free Riding Trial and prove for yourself how the super-excellence of Mead workmanship and the matchless quality of Mead materials make Mead machines glide silently, swiftly and smoothly over the roughest roads.

Immediately we hear from you we will send a cycle PACKED FREE and CARRIAGE PAID. Ride the machine as much as you like—without being under the slightest obligation to buy. Then if you don't wish to keep the cycle, send it back at our expense.

It won't take a minute to send a post card. Write one NOW—while you think of it.

Mead

CYCLE COMPANY (INC.)

(Dept. H 657), BIRMINGHAM

Why Continue to Suffer ?

A proved and reliable cure for

NASAL CATARRH AND COLD IN THE HEAD

Send no Money, only a Postcard to-day to

CLARK'S CATARRH CURE,

Dept. B, Sussex Mansions, Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2.

SPRING COSTUME FOR 9/-

and balance by instalments of 11/- monthly.

Graceful Costume of all wool Gaberdine of soft French make. Panels of frills on each hip terminate in a band of Egyptian embroidery, which is also echoed on the collar. Low priced at 9/-. Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

All Goods sent on receipt of First Payment.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.

LEACH & HARDY,

(Dept. J.B.) 25, Brown St. MANCHESTER.

Tatcho-tone for Grey Hair.

25th ANNIVERSARY.

If you send in two empty cartons during this month you will receive free of all cost, post free even, the wonderful Geo. R. Sims Tatcho Hair Health Brush. Without cartons the Brush may be obtained of all Chemists and Stores.

Price 5s. 6d.

TATCHO CO., 5a, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

THE 'BOLTON'

Direct from Factory

No. 31.

Great reduction in price. Beautifully upholstered and painted Durable and strong, yet light to handle. For child lying down or sitting up. REDUCED to

£2:17.6

Carriage paid on approval. Send for Free Catalogue "J."

S. BOLTON, 800 & 802, Kingsland Road, London, E.8.

62, Merton Rd., Imperial Parade, Wimbledon, S.W. 47, Dartmouth Rd., Forest Hill, S.E., and 41, Crouch Hill, N.4.

100,000 Rugs

GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 10-5-24. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Bradwell" Reversible

Real Seamless Woven GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS CARPETS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall gratuitously give away a very handsome Rug to match. Suitable Illustrated Designs (Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 10-5-24, when writing. (Established over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd. City of Leeds.

"WANTED"

1,000 "NERVE-SUFFERING" READERS OF THIS PAPER TO TEST FREE OF CHARGE THE WONDERFUL HEALTH ENERGISING

MULLER NUTRIENT

SEVEN-DAY BOX FREE.

CUT OUT COUPON.

The Muller Nutrient reconstitutes Weak or Disordered Nerves by scientific feeding.

Unless these nerve-cells feed they cannot work. All the nervous ailments men and women suffer from to-day are due to insufficiently nourished nerve-cells.

The Muller Nutrient supplies the Organic Phosphoric Substance in a form that allows it to be rapidly assimilated. It is this element, and this element alone, that keeps the Nerve Cells "going." When the cells don't get enough, they become weak and disordered, and the complaint can be briefly described as that of "Starved" Nerve Cells.

AILMENTS DUE TO NERVE STARVATION.

—Sleeplessness,
—General Debility,
—Pains in Back,
—Inability to Concentrate Your Mind,
—Bad Memory,
—Headache and Neuralgia,
—Brain Fag,
—Irritability,
—Loss of Energy,
—Dizziness,
—Depression and Melancholia,
—Lack of "Fire" and Vigour,
—Excessive Shyness and Timidity,
—Hysteria,
—Anæmia,
—Incipient Consumption,
—Failing Vision.

HOW THE NUTRIENT OPERATES.

You take this Nutrient through your digestive organs. It is assimilated and taken by the latter straight to the semi-starved nerve-cells. It gives them renewed strength, health and vitality. This remarkable product nourishes the nerve-cells, reconstructs them, restores them to their normal activity.

Besides nourishing and rebuilding your nerves, the Muller Nutrient—

1. Enriches your blood.
2. Strengthens and increases the all-important corpuscles of the blood, which defend your body against germs; and
3. Revitalises and makes better your whole system.

After taking the Muller preparation for a few days (as you can now for a week practically free of charge) you feel absolutely different, better, brighter, stronger, healthier, and more energetic, and more "vital" in every way.

WRITE BEFORE YOU FORGET.

By writing to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply by sending four stamps, the bare out-of-pocket cost of postage, packing, etc. With this week's trial course will be sent a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this book will also be sent to you FREE. Only one Trial Supply can be sent to the same person. Send your full name and address and coupon, with four stamps, to 184, The Muller Laboratories, Scientific Food Specialists, 37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W. 1, and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent in a plain sealed cover.

The Muller Nutrient can be obtained from any good-class chemist in the United Kingdom or Ireland. Price 3s. a box (five boxes 12s.). Superior to any Nerve Food or Tonic in "powder" or liquid form.

7-DAY BOX FREE.

The MULLER LABORATORIES, LTD., Scientific Food Specialists, 37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W. 1.

Please post me in sealed package a Seven-Day box of the Muller Nutrient post free. I enclose 4 stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Cut out Coupon and attach to letter or quote No. 184.

Fortunes are being made in Oil

THE CAMBRIAN TRUST'S GREAT OFFER

A £10 Speculation and what it may mean to you

THE Special Co-operative Pool System introduced by the Cambrian Trust establishes a new basis of financial participation in American Oil Land development which, notwithstanding its departure from accepted share issue practice and orthodox prospectus methods, must commend itself to the British Speculator.

The aim of the Cambrian Trust is to provide the speculative public with a simple method of participating in its Oil-Land Development programme. It offers the following distinct advantages :—

1. An interest in Oil Estates in Grant County, Arkansas, which while involving the investment of a definite figure per unit, with no further financial obligations, at the same time contains profit-earning possibilities not limited to any fixed rate of interest, and ***carries the potentiality of a fortune*** —a 50 per cent. interest in an oil well.
2. In addition to the above, the money invested is secured against any possible loss by the investor holding the actual Freehold Title to land in his own name; land which has already enhanced in value.
3. Further he (or she) has a profit-sharing interest in the production of oil from ***any part of the property*** under the Mutual Participation Pool.
4. On the advice of Mr. Cunningham Craig, the Trust have recently acquired valuable property in Lincoln County, and deep wells are to be drilled shortly. The profits derived from Oil found will be distributed as follows: 25 per cent. to No. 1 Pool Unit Holders; 60 per cent. to No. 2 Pool Unit Holders; and 15 per cent. to be retained by the Trust.

The Cambrian Trust's Mutual Participation Pool represents ***a safe and logical way of utilising a little of one's idle capital.***

The project is sound, the property possesses genuine oil-bearing possibilities as has been confirmed by the eminent British geological authority, E. H. Cunningham Craig, B.A., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., M.I.P.T. The plans for development have been soundly conceived, and are being vigorously conducted by the Cambrian Trust. The idea has proved immediately acceptable to the British Speculative Investor, as shown by the over-application No. 1 Issue.

Enviable Position of No. 1 Pool Unit Holders To-day.

Those who acquired holdings under No. 1 Issue are personally and actively concerned in one of the most important associated oil-prospecting operations of the day. They actually own the land upon which a prolific well may be discovered at any moment. A report from the Resident Geologist, Mr. G. C. Branner, says: "Drilling at 943 feet on Test Well No. 4 show definite indications of the existence of Oil in this locality at greater depths and in larger quantities."

Join No. 2 Participating Pool at once!

£10 per Unit is the limit of your Speculation. For this sum you will secure a Land Unit on the Cambrian Trust's Oil Estates, in Grant County, Arkansas, which will be registered in your name. The Trust itself will survey and conduct all well sinking operations.

In the event of Oil being struck the Owner of the Land Unit on which it occurs will receive 50 per cent. of the profit, the other Unit Holders 40 per cent. and the Trust 10 per cent.

This is undoubtedly the greatest money-making Proposition of recent years. It enables speculators to join in the pioneer work of developing what might prove to be one of America's largest Oil Fields.

Don't delay—Fill in and Post the Coupon TO-DAY and get full details of this great Money-Making Opportunity.

BY WRITING YOU PLACE YOURSELF UNDER NO OBLIGATION.

To **THE CAMBRIAN TRUST, Ltd.,**
29, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

I am interested in the Arkansas Oil Land development, and without any obligation on my part, request you to send me a Prospectus of the Cambrian Trust (No. 2) Participation Pool explaining how £10 will make me the legal owner of a valuable plot of oil land with a 50% participating interest in the production of any oil derived therefrom and other benefits.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

J.B.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CYCLISTS, STOP!—A Monster Bargains Book awaits you ABSOLUTELY FREE. Wonderful production. 172 pages, beautifully illustrated. Finest guide to pocket-saving cycling ever published. Lowest prices on record. 40/- better value cycles. Prices from £3/17/6. Easy payments, 2/3 weekly. Tyres as low as 2/11. Chains 2/3. Thousands more Accessory Bargains. Secure this eye-opening volume without delay. Postcard brings it instantly to your door. Write NOW. — Moorhouse, Ltd., 89, Winchester Works, Padiham, Burnley.

SUIT CASE, Brown Fibre, 2 slide locks, 22 in. 9/6, 24 in. 10/9, 26 in. 11/9. Carr. pd.—FESCHE, Carlisle Bldgs, Eastbourne.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours from Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. C), 19, Holborn, London.

GRAMOPHONES, 34/6, motors, 12/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 129, Old Street, London.

Are YOU a victim of the national scourge—

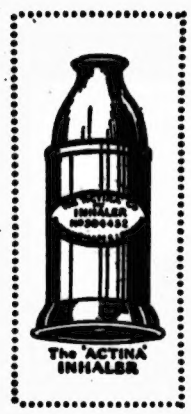
CATARRH

and its concomitant evils

ASTHMA, BRONCHIAL TROUBLES, EYE WEAKNESS, HEAD NOISES & DEAFNESS?

CATARRH is not only the root-evil of practically every respiratory disease—it just as frequently attacks the Stomach, Kidneys and other vital organs.

Catarrh is also the primary cause of Head Noises and Deafness, also Watery Eyes and Impaired Vision—there are direct and unprotected passages leading from the nose to these vulnerable organs.



BUT SUFFERERS FROM CATARRHAL DISEASES CAN OBTAIN IMMEDIATE RELIEF BY 'ACTINA.' Over half a million people have already availed themselves of this remarkable remedy, and we hold literally thousands of testimonials from erstwhile sufferers in all parts of the globe.

The 'ACTINA' INHALER is not unpleasant to use, can be carried in the pocket or handbag, and diffuses pungent, curative vapours, which penetrates *immediately* to every afflicted membrane.

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET and we will at the same time send you details of our remarkable FORTNIGHT'S TRIAL OFFER—there's no obligation.

The ACTINA CO., Dept. 43, NELSON CHAMBERS 52, High Street, BIRMINGHAM.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 31, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

LADIES' Frocks, Blouses, Jumpers, Hosiery, Raincoats. Send for free Price List.—S. MENDEL (Dept. B.), 65, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

FENTS, Blouse Lengths. Wholesale List free. Assured profits. Assorted parcels, 20/-, 50/-, £5. Guaranteed satisfaction.—Goldstone's Warehouse, 9, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103, to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc; cash or credit; good comm.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

AGENTS (spare-time) WANTED to sell Cycle Accessories, for which there is a great demand. Preference given to persons in regular factory employment. 33⅓ per cent. commission given. —Write for particulars to the Sealex Co., 36, Shirley Road, Cotteridge, Birmingham.

BUYING AGENTS wanted for Coventry Cycles and Accessories. Good profits, low prices.—Bally's, 90, Gorton Road, Coventry.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

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Week ending Saturday,
May 10, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

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the Right
to Justice
& Truth

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The Week's Best Joke.
Trust the Rothermere mouth-organ for the silliest comment on the Budget. "A shilling off the income-tax would have done more good than a series of wasteful remissions of taxation." What ridiculous nonsense!

We Don't Understand.
Last year the Post Office paid. It made a profit of £4,450,245. We don't quite follow Mr. Snowden's argument against the reintroduction of the penny post.

A Proved Failure.
But why reconstitute the costly and futile Land Valuation Scheme? It has failed once and will fail again.

Compromised Principles.
It admits that the economic value of the land—as rent—belongs to the community. Why not go straight to the point and legislate accordingly?

Watch Lloyd George!
The Welsh wizard is preparing to ring up the curtain on another great show. He is constructing a fighting programme on the land question.

A Lost Opportunity.
The Labour Party has only itself to blame. The land is the key to its policy. Why it has neglected to come out boldly on it is its own mystery.

Right-about Face.
Six months ago Mr. Shaw—in opposition—was emphatically against doles. To-day, Mr. Shaw—in office—is emphatically in favour of them. Circumstances obviously alter cases.

Still no "Rabbits."
To-day there are 1,039,200 unemployed. Mr. Shaw offers them no hope of work till June, 1926—if then. Funny if not so terribly tragic!

Work Waiting.
The railway accident at Euston could not have happened had both trains been electrically driven and automatically controlled. Why is this means of relieving unemployment not adopted?

The Nation's Coal.
The Government is preparing a Bill to nationalise coal royalties. Good! Bring it forward and let us see who will shoulder the responsibility of opposing it.

Tainted Money.
Here's something for Mr. Thomas to deal with. Forty-five per cent. of Government revenue in the Straits Settlements comes from opium traffic. Any defence?

A Sinking Ship?
The example of Mr. Oswald Mosley in joining the Labour Party will shortly be followed by a number of Liberal M.P.s. This is the first fruits of the Liberal Party's lack of leadership.

That's That.
Mr. Lloyd George says the American debt settlement is bad—and we agree. But when he suggests he would have done differently, he forgets that Mr. Baldwin merely carried out a policy initiated by the Coalition Government.

Storm Clouds.
France's attitude to both the Dawes Report and the disarmament proposals of President Coolidge is disquieting. She still harps on "security."

False Methods.
Security against what? Against whom? A nation creates enemies more often than not—and repressive and unjust methods are the quickest way of doing it.

The Only Way.
Unequivocal good will is the best and only real security. Let France replace petty and entangling alliances with a determination to give her neighbours a square deal. Otherwise the future is menacing indeed.

Unwarrantable Tactics.
We are not surprised that Russia said "No" to the bankers' demand that constitutional changes should precede a settlement. We have paid heavily for such wanton interference. Let us have no more.

Wise in Time.
Disclosures in the Dutch Parliament have revealed that the great oil companies were deeply implicated in the Singapore plot. Well, indeed, that it was scrapped in time!

No Intervention!
The breakdown of the Ulster Conference may well bring tragedy once more to Ireland. She wanted freedom and she has got it. Let us keep out of this mess. Let Ireland solve her own problems.

The Tortoise Telegraph.
The King's Wembley speech was flashed round the world in eighty seconds. To send a telegram from London to, say, Halifax takes hours. Wake up, Mr. Hartshorn!

No Hurry!
And why should a telegram handed in after 7 p.m. have to wait till next day for its despatch? Time someone cut a whole lot of red tape.

We Hope so.
The Scotch members want Scottish Home Rule, and have introduced a Bill to that effect. May they get it, and leave England to rule herself for a change!

WHY PAY INSURANCE PREMIUMS?
"John Bull" Pays
12,327 FREE INSURANCE BENEFITS.
See page 2.

All Honour to Them.
The Woburn magistrates excused the payment of a year's rates by a poor woman aged ninety. Such practical humanity is as rare as it is welcome.

Who Justifies This?
While Admirals are allowed to express their political views freely a Lieut.-Commander is severely penalised for daring to write in the *Labour Magazine*. This is neither British justice nor fairplay.

A Simple Remedy.
Why, when a hospital is full, is not the ambulance service notified? It only needs a telephone call to save accident victims from hours of suffering.

Callous Red Tape.
Because it was "out of hours" a man could not get a doctor's order from the relieving officer. By the time an application to the police produced a medical man the patient was dead. And this in England!

Threepence per Pound!
Potatoes which fetched £4 a ton last year now fetch £16 10s. The shortage is due solely to bad organisation and lack of foresight. And yet farmers expect sympathy!

Beer *v.* Milk.
While the country spent £193,000,000 on beer last year, it spent only £93,000,000 on milk. One reason may be that beer is at least a clean drink.

Justified Shyness!
Coal merchants have once more been asked to explain the huge discrepancy between pithead and retail prices. If they fail again we look to Parliament to take the necessary steps to compel them.

Get at the Truth.
The only thing that will really allay public suspicion and irritation is a national investigation of coal merchants' accounts. There is shameful exploitation somewhere, and it must be tracked down.

Piecrust Promises.
Builders promised to help housing by not raising prices, and we expressed our scepticism. We were right—prices were advanced actually during negotiations. "Prison for profiteers" is our motto.

We Must Know.
Sir Frederick Milner's terrible indictment of pensions administration must not be allowed to end there. It is a matter of national honour that these charges should be fully investigated.

Dull Wembley.
If the Wembley Exhibition is not made far brighter than at present it will be a failure. The more bluntly this is said the better.

No Rest for the Weary.
Will someone make it his duty to see that some free seats are provided at Wembley? On top of all sorts of irritating "extras," this lack constitutes a gross scandal.

A Sensible Departure.
An applicant to an East End Licensing Bench wanted a public-house to improve it by the provision of food and recreation. The magistrates assented. We are getting on.

Hot Aarons.

Company-Officer Norman Aarons, of the British Fascisti, announces that the organisation will extend every possible protection to the persons of the King and Royal Family in England. We are glad to hear it! Pending the cultivation of a sense of humour by the all-powerful Company-Officer, we suggest he gags himself.

The Maternal Instinct.

A cruel mother is Catherine Currie, of Falkirk, who, because her little five-year-old son happened to get in her way, kicked him on the legs and body, and knocked him against the wall. For this savage assault the woman has been fined £2 with the alternative of twenty days' imprisonment. What kind of motherhood is it that illtreats its baby in this way?

Making Progress.

We are fighting the battle of the poor emigrant children who are sent from this country to Canada and who, in many cases, suffer dreadful hardships which have led too often to terrible tragedies, and we are glad to say we have now powerful allies on our side. The Hon. W. F. Nickle has introduced a Bill into the Toronto Legislature giving power to appoint official inspectors to report upon the homes children are sent to.

A Jazz-band Vicar.

The vicar's lot is not always a happy one, especially when trying to make ends meet on a stipend amounting in all to £230. Such is the case of the Rev. C. L. Bradley, vicar of Chesterton, near Bicester, Oxon, who finds that his stipend is only sufficient to maintain his vicarage and, in consequence, has had to accept work as a violinist in a restaurant orchestra in order to provide for his wife and seven children. No wonder the vicar has given vent to his feelings on the matter!

Love in the Train.

It is fortunate for William Henry Radcliffe, of Jackson Street, Stretford, that little Winifred Guy is alive to-day. While travelling on an express train to Ashton, Winifred was so frightened by Radcliffe putting his arm round her waist that, to escape from him, she opened the carriage door, got on to the footboard, and walked to the next compartment. Radcliffe was lucky to escape with a fine. He might have had to answer for the girl's life.

Her Job or Her Baby.

Unable to keep her situation as a servant because her employers wanted her to live in and be parted from her baby, Martha Alice Byrne stole a coat. Instead of thus gaining food for herself and her child, she found herself in the dock at Liverpool. But when she told her story, the magistrate released her, and told the court missionary to see that she was sent to friends at Bolton. A variety artist, she is willing to do any honest work, but won't give up her child—a tragedy of mother-love!

The Russian's Ways.

More than twelve months have passed since David Rallet, otherwise Rappoport, a notorious Russian with a vile record, was ordered to be deported. And because that was not done a pretty young London waitress found herself in a serious position. In her infatuation she accompanied him to Liverpool and became his wife, only to be deserted by him after he had participated in a robbery. English girls are not safe when the law fails to carry out the orders it makes against such rogues.

Merritts and Merits.

The Plaistow Bench dealt properly with a complaint brought against William Merritt, grocer, of St. Mary's Road. Just as his shop closed and while his wife was waiting at the door for her little daughter, a person came up and begged to be served with a quarter of tea. Mrs. Merritt pointed out that she would get into trouble, but the person begged hard to be supplied, and then turned out to be an agent under the Shop Hours Act. The Bench dismissed the case on payment of 4s. costs. A rebuke to the system to which we need add nothing here.

Hungry Little Things!

The nurses at the Institution of Elham, Kent, Board of Guardians, have been complaining that the rations, which include forty pounds of meat and eight pounds of fish per week for eight nurses, with a pint of milk for each, are insufficient. Strikes us that many poor women would find little cause for complaint at this rationing.

Post Office Profiteering.

Is the Postmaster-General also among the profiteers? At Marlow-on-Thames there is no Saturday afternoon delivery of letters. If a resident calls at the post office and asks for any letter which may await him there, threepence is demanded of him before it is handed over the counter. What justification can there be for such an extortion?

On Guard.

This is the season when many Britons make pilgrimage to the graves of France and Flanders to pay tribute to loved ones who made the great sacrifice. The French Government finds it necessary to warn visitors against affable guides who make the surprise discovery that they knew the dead man and can recall stories of him. It is the beginning of the confidence trick or worse.

How Disease is Spread.

No wonder the Durham Rural District Council are beginning to view with alarm the growing number of cases of scarlet fever in the area. The disease is certainly getting the upperhand. Two cases of scarlet fever have occurred in a house in Ludworth, where a family of ten are living in one room in a garret! How can they possibly expect to keep the disease from spreading under such conditions?

The Human Machine.

A MEMORY SECRET.

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

WHEN training your senses to function efficiently, don't forget smell, taste, and touch.

It is true that civilisation has made it possible to rely less and less on our senses for information, but the more aids to memory, the better that memory is going to be.

Since our knowledge of the world can only reach us via the senses, it is important to see that they are keen.

All around us are forces in Nature, a veritable fairyland of colours, sights and sounds, of which our senses give us no knowledge.

They are capable of catching and recording only a small fraction of the messages the outside world is continually sending.

What we can do is to see that they catch this small fraction in the most efficient manner.

Let us see where all this leads. Memory depends on what psychologists call the "association of ideas."

That is, if two ideas are placed together in the mind they tend to set up a connection between them. In future, whenever we are reminded of one the other tends to be remembered.

Try this for yourself. Think of the "Battle of Hastings." Immediately "1066" comes to your mind. This is because at school you learned these two ideas together. Now, when you hear the one, up comes the other automatically.

The secret of a good memory is a very simple secret. It is the secret of linking up the fact you wish to remember with as many other facts as you can.

But you must make a good start by taking care that the original fact is strongly impressed on your brain.

Keen and efficient senses are the lever that sets the whole memory process in motion.

Poison Drink.

Wisdom after the event may still serve as a warning. There is horse sense in the remarks of the Manchester coroner regarding the danger of placing poisonous liquids like disinfectants in ordinary drinking vessels. Drinking by mistake from the wrong cup, a thirsty motor-driver survived only a few hours. The lesson of this tragedy should be learned in every household in the land.

Too Important for Jail.

Don't send him to jail because his two businesses will suffer, was the plea for letting Alfred Bailey, a Wanstead engineer, go home with a fine, but the Greenwich magistrate sent him to prison for a month for being drunk in charge of a car. The roads of Britain are levying a toll of life and limb that is as remorseless as a little war, and while that is so fuddled fools at the wheel must be locked up out of harm's way, however important they are when sober.

In Prison Without Trial.

While Ireland was under British martial law we repeatedly had to complain of grave miscarriages of justice. It seems that things are very little better now. An ex-soldier held prisoner in Dublin by the Free State authorities declares that he has been kept in custody without trial since September, 1922. If this is true it is terrible. The Free State is founded on freedom and should cherish the liberty of the subjects as a priceless constitutional privilege.

Labour on the Cheap.

The exploitation of the ex-Service man is always to be deprecated, but it is clear that the Forfar Town Council care little for such trivialities when economy is their end. When the question of employing a man at their new sports ground at Reid Park was dealt with, these representatives supported without dissent a suggestion that the paltry wage of 25s. to 30s. which they offered could be eked out if a pensioner were selected for the post. The monetary benefit earned by war suffering was never intended as a subsidy for hard-up bumbledom.

Starved by Red Tape.

As if the sturdy islanders of Scotland haven't enough trouble to bear, the Admiralty has given them Red Tape when they asked for justice. Burray, in the Orkneys, used to be a prosperous herring fishery, but in the war the Admiralty blocked Water Sound with sunken ships to safeguard Scapa Flow, and now refuses to remove the ships, referring the islanders to apply to the War Compensation Courts. Meanwhile they are out of work and their living is gone. We look to Mr. Ammon, as Secretary to the Admiralty, to bring home the bacon!

An Unreturnable Deposit.

There is a firm called the Consolidated Brokerage and Trading Co., Ltd., at 36, Victoria Street, London, S.W., which seems to be in need of criticism. A gentleman in Sunderland answered an advertisement for a traveller in motor accessories and had to put down £10 as deposit against samples. Getting few orders he gave the job up, returned the samples, and asked for his deposit back. He cannot get it. On one of his many visits to the office he met another man endeavouring to get payment of a bill. Brokerage means quite a lot sometimes.

Babies and Betting.

The use made of children as "runners" by bookies is already bearing its poisonous fruit, and some precocious youngsters on Clydeside now think little of trying their arm in the racing world. When the police were keeping under surveillance David Miller, a sixteen-year-old bookie, as he wandered about Ruthergien Road waiting for his clientele, a girl punter of fourteen summers was seen to approach him and indicate her particular fancy by the usual slip. The fine of £20 imposed on this young hopeful may hold him back for a time, but what needs more drastic attention is the source of this pernicious perversion of the adolescent.

Sidewalk Pests.

John Morrison, 16, Dewar Place, Edinburgh, had better mend his ways. This scoundrel has been causing annoyance and alarm to a number of women in Prince's Street by stepping in front of them and trying to engage them in conversation. His excuse of having had a drop too much does not make his behaviour any less objectionable. The streets of all our cities would be well clear of such pests.

Tricky Thomas.

Frederick John Thomas, milk dealer, of 44, Caulfield Road, East Ham, is a wily rogue. Asked by an inspector for a sample of the milk he had on his delivery barrow he produced some which was irreproachable. However, the inspector asked for a sample from the other can, and Thomas was undone; it contained six per cent. of added water. And this deliberate swindler was fined only £2 with 10s. 6d. costs, by the local bench. How he must have smiled!

Find the Real Culprit.

The Liverpool Recorder, in quashing the sentence of three months' imprisonment imposed on George Washington Snook, Clerk of the Works at the Garston Housing site, over which hundreds of thousands of pounds were lost, remarked that during a scandal the Corporation should be careful not to select a scapegoat. This bears out our contention that the real culprit in this disgraceful affair has not yet been brought to book.

For Services Rendered.

"Just a few lines to thank you for services rendered in regard to the pension of Mrs. Hannah Lodge, of Kirkburton, which has now been restored to her. We are very pleased with the way in which you conduct your Advice Department, and wish you every success." This is one of the many letters of thanks which we have received during the week. If you are in any difficulty about pensions or any other matter, write to JOHN BULL about it.

The Methylated Madness.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has decided that methylated spirit is to be treated so as to make it undrinkable, but what is he going to do about the large quantities placed on the market surreptitiously? There is a steadily growing traffic in this fire-water that is rapidly becoming as sinister as the traffic in dope, and unless the new measures are accompanied by efforts to stamp out the illicit traffic we shall have the methylated madness in an aggravated form. The present headquarters of the traffic are in Ireland, and a strict watch should be kept on all British ports.

Who Will Find Them Work?

Stowaways are bad boys from the captain's point of view. Sometimes they are not quite so bad. Hugh McAlister and Owen Fitzpatrick, two unemployed Glasgow lads, stowed away on the Furness liner *Hoosac* and went to Boston, U.S.A., where they escaped and went up-country. They fell in with an old sailor, who told them the ship's captain would be fined six hundred and fifty dollars for their escapade. They tramped back over sixty miles and gave themselves up "because the captain was a decent fellow." They were fined £5 each or twenty-eight days. Surely they deserve a better fate?

Postal Pilfering.

We hope to see thefts from His Majesty's mails by dishonest postmen and sorters punished much more severely in future, for this class of offence seems to be sadly on the increase. At Bow Street, James Coombes, a postman employed at the W.C. District Office for twelve years, admitted that he had been stealing letters since 1921. In the circumstances a sentence of six months' imprisonment cannot be called excessive. One of the most serious features of such cases is that unfounded suspicion inevitably rests on many wholly trustworthy hardworking public servants whose lot, like the policeman's, is not altogether a happy one.

Are the Police Asleep?

It is now some weeks since a married man named Taylor went off in a motor-car with a sixteen-year-old girl of Hull, but though there is a warrant out for his arrest the police have failed to track him. There are circumstances that make it obvious that Taylor cannot have left the country, and men with cars are not able to hide themselves for long against persistent search. What, then, is Scotland Yard doing?

Myths and Mugs.

Many innocents willing to part with money as security for tempting jobs have been swindled through the columns of the daily press. Daniel Jackson, the "Bingley bounder," demanded a £20 security for a non-existent £5 a week job. A number of foolish people sent him remittances. One wise man sent the police, and Daniel has retired from business for some months. There are others of his kidney who need looking up.

Preventable Deaths.

How many more deaths will there be before the Government compels the railway companies to keep carriage doors automatically locked? Among recent victims was a middle-aged woman, who fell out of the Manchester to London express while it was racing through Derbyshire at sixty miles an hour. The coroner said, "Accidental death." We say criminal neglect of a simple precaution for the safety of the travelling public.

"Like a Bird in a Cage."

We recently told the story of a Tottenham boy who was detained in an institution near Dartford against his parents' wish, and we are asked by the Southwark Catholic Rescue Society, managers of St. Vincent's Industrial School, Dartford, to say that the case did not refer to their institution. We do so willingly.

Problems of Life.

THE SPIRIT AND THE DEED.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WHAT we have to do in life matters much less than the spirit in which we do it.

This maxim can be put to the proof at any time and almost under any conditions.

It is less a question of temperament than of deliberate choice. Some people radiate happiness and others misery, and environment has little to do with the contrast.

A spirit of discontent can spoil any occupation, just as a spirit of friendliness can sweeten it.

How often we notice that the coming of a disagreeable personality into a hitherto harmonious fellowship will create discord all round.

And how sure it is that if we approach our daily task in a spirit of gloom we thereby render it doubly hard and burdensome.

But if we determine to make the best of things, and refuse to waste time in repining because they are not more to our mind, we somehow lighten our efforts and do better work.

As Dean Inge says: "What is called 'a narrow sphere' does not matter much. A broad mind is not much cramped by a narrow sphere."

The magic of the mental attitude is truly wonderful.

Hate, and you will be wretched: Love, and you brighten life.

Look for the good in your neighbour and you will find it: Hunt for the bad and you are likely to evoke it.

One great-souled man can put courage into a thousand: One mean-hearted fellow can sometimes demoralise a host.

Meet the world with a smile and it will smile back: Encounter it with a scowl and it will scowl again.

It is as easy to infuse a spirit of hope and good will into all our activities as to do the opposite; but the one makes for life and the other for death.

A Plague.

The plague of bogus bookmakers is worse than ever. Caution was never more necessary on the part of the backing public. Most of all beware of the nice friendly letter of the man who tells you he is willing to offer you credit at the request of a friend. The "friend" was merely the tout who sold your name with others at so much per thousand.

Telling the Tale.

A mean skunk called on Mrs. H. E. Hayward, a Bedford soldier's mother, and told her that her son, who is stationed on Salisbury Plain, had damaged a wireless set, and would be court-martialled unless £5 was sent at once. Upset by this cock-and-bull story, Mrs. Hayward handed the money to the stranger, who doubtless congratulated himself on a profitable day's work. Once again we reiterate that no money should be handed to strangers in this manner, no matter what stories they tell.

Waiting for Watches.

Jones Bros. and Company, of 43, Whitcomb Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C., guarantee to send by return of post a facsimile three-guinea watch for three shillings, the holder of the guarantee in return agreeing to distribute six coupons among their friends. Those who send them money receive the coupons for distribution, but are kept waiting for their watches until Jones Bros. and Company have received at least four supplementary orders.

A Wireless Silence.

On March 3, a reader sent an order for wireless parts to the Waterloo Electric Co., 129, Waterloo Road, London, S.E., enclosing a cheque for £4 5s. As the order was not acknowledged, he cancelled it and requested the refund of his money. He has since written to them by registered post, but can obtain no reply, and our own letters asking for an explanation of this strange silence are similarly ignored. The cheque was paid into the bank by the firm on March 6, endorsed by E. Evans and T. W. Godfrey. We should like to know what they are doing with the money.

Artful Advertising.

The Royal Edward School of Art, 45-47, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester, has a curious method of advertising. It apparently specialises in life-size and miniature paintings, and issues show-cards to shopkeepers and publicans who, by displaying them for one month, become entitled to a specimen sketch, free of charge. A reader who accepted this offer handed over the only photo he possessed of his daughter, and duly received the sketch, with a suggestion that it should be coloured at a cost of about 28s. He refused to agree to this, and can obtain no reply to his request for the return of the photograph.

A Continental Trick.

Readers should not be deceived by circulars from J. A. Littlewood, of the Continental Trading Stores, Ostend, which say "Your name appears upon our current list of 120 persons to which has been awarded the sum of £3 in cash." At first glance it may appear that they have only to send 3s. for a ring in order to receive a bonus of £3, but closer reading reveals that the circular only promises £3 divided among 120 persons. Mr. Littlewood can make a big profit selling trumpery rings and sixpenny postal orders for three shillings.

The Disappearing Act.

A colonial reader who sent 25s. for some gramophone records advertised by Jones & Mason, of 8, Bush Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C., was so disgusted with their delay in carrying out his order that he asked another firm to collect the money from them and supply him with goods to that amount. They attempted to do this, but Jones & Mason refused to part with the cash, and shortly afterwards letters addressed to them were returned marked "Gone away." This disappearing act is becoming all too frequent. It could easily be checked by the institution of a cash-on-delivery parcel post.

Not in Our Stars

MADAME PAULINE DESTI, of 137, Kyrwicks Lane, Birmingham, is also amongst the prophets. She is one of the astrologists whose dividend-earning excursions into the Realms of Pure Bunkum we promised last week to say something about.

Besides telling you how the stars control your Desti-ny, Madame Desti can tell you your character from your hands, your face or your writing, and out of the profundity of the knowledge she thus obtains she can tell you what would be a suitable marriage for you, and what is the position in life you are best adapted to fulfil.

As she says, to be forewarned is to be forearmed. And as she charges up to a guinea for reading your hand, she would no doubt like her clients to be not only forewarned but also to be four-armed.

If you are sending in your handwriting to Madame Desti we should advise you to be careful about your spelling, because if you can't spell and she may reasonably put you down as a hopeless and utter and irretrievable fool.

Madame Desti cannot herself spell, but we do not draw from that any conclusions beyond such as are, we should think, obvious. To one of our representatives who sent her the date of his birth accompanied by a shilling, in answer to her advertisement, she said that he would shortly "recieve money from an unexpected sourse."

She learned from the stars that our representative has a jealous enemy who is trying to do him an injury. This has greatly perturbed him. But he is still more perturbed by her advice that he should be always on his "gaurd." Possibly she meant his "guard," but to speak to her in her own language we think that she should take some of her own medicine and be always on her "gaurd."

She was good enough further to inform our commissioner that a letter of great importance would shortly reach him and cause him great happiness. She adds, ingenuously enough, that there are many things he should know which she could explain in a larger study. The fees, it need hardly be added, increase in amount with the length of the study.

Madame Desti also kindly informed him, after consulting the stars, that he would carry out faithfully any work that he undertook. In this she is undoubtedly right.

One of the jobs he has undertaken is to expose humbugging charlatans like Madame Desti, who is only another of many who live by imposing on the credulity of the ignorant, and of people who are for one reason or another in anxiety and distress.

We warn Madame Desti to be on her best behaviour, and those who might read her advertisement to be on their "gaurd," Perhaps the guardians of the law might share the required vigilance.

Child Sentenced to 8 Years

A TINY toddler of seven years, he had broken the law! And his sentence was more savage than that given to hardened adult criminals. Here is a scandal of the gravest nature, and we demand instant action by the Home Secretary.

LITTLE Reggie Ford, who had reached the ripe age of seven, stood a prisoner in the court of Weston-super-Mare before the Justices of the King's Peace. You shall hear the savage sentence they inflicted upon him.

He was a bad boy. To the justices he must have appeared a desperate, hardened and dangerous ruffian, a Machiavelli in knickerbockers, a Charles Peace who had only thrown away his feeding-bottle in order to practise with a jemmy and a life preserver.

Looked at from the dominating height of the Bench to where he stood, a poor, trembling, pathetic figure, crying for his mammy, his admitted seven years seemed a deadly argument against him. What could he be but a terrible, wicked and wanton criminal who, at such an age, should have so far forgotten the elements of conduct, deportment jurisprudence as to stand in the place of malefactors and at the stern Bar of Justice?

Poor little toddler! He had just passed through the perils of childhood, measles and whooping-cough, and sucking the paint off his toys, and grabbing hold of everything that came within his reach. He had not yet learned to realise the sacred nature of property.

The way of the transgressor is hard. If little boys of seven do not understand the sacredness of property, there are ways and means of teaching them. Little Reggie Ford found a purse on a seat in the park. He put it in his pocket. In doing so he showed a thoroughly reprehensible ignorance of the Larceny Act, 1916—6 and 7 Geo. V. Cap. 50. Little boys of seven who are so ignorant as this must be punished. He was sentenced to be whipped.

Poor Reggie! He found the world a puzzling place. He could not realise that he was doing wrong, or that others would incite him to do wrong. Some boys who were his seniors in years again led him astray. They told him it would be great fun to run away with some money from a little shop while the shopkeeper was temporarily absent. The terrified child did as he was bid. For the moment he forgot all about the Larceny Act—it is so difficult to remember all its provisions and implications at seven. It takes five years to become a solicitor's apprentice.

But if Reggie did not realise his error, his parents—Mr. and Mrs. Ford, of 54, Milton Road, Weston-super-Mare—did. They are decent, respectable, hard-working people, and were appalled at the thought that their heedless boy had thus been made the tool of others. The father went straight to the police. In his anxiety and distraction he thought that the best lesson for his erring child would be to have him sent away for a few weeks, as a drastic lesson, to a correctional school.

The Solomons on the local Bench agreed with him. They ordered him to be torn from his astonished father and heart-broken, weeping mother, and sentenced to detention in an industrial school, not for a few weeks, but for eight long years.

Sentenced to a longer term than the days and the years of his young life, a longer period of detention than blind justice sometimes gives to adult criminals who have committed robbery with violence, blackmail, or the nameless wickedness of the white slave traffic!

Eight long years behind high walls amongst strangers, driven to his tasks under iron discipline, eating out his heart with the unheard cry of the child for his mother.

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

The majesty of the law must be vindicated, though the heart of a mother refuses, like Rachel, to be comforted, and a little child be broken on the iron wheel of justice.

Kind friends approached the Home Secretary and begged him to temper Justice with Mercy. He could not see his way to rebuke the magistrates by repealing their monstrous sentence.

Eighteen months have passed. Little Reggie is paying the price His nerves are shattered. His tender frame has been worn out by his sobs and tears, and to-day he lies in hospital at Bath, suffering from St. Vitus' dance, which it is feared may develop into meningitis.

If this is law, what is savagery?

We ask the present Home Secretary to look into this case at once, to restore this unhappy child, this broken blossom of humanity, to the parents who love him, and will care for him and safeguard his future.

There is a Higher Law than the Larceny Act, 1916—6 and 7 Geo. V. "Suffer little children to come unto me," said the Founder of Christianity, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Is there no evangelist who will make known the Gospel of Christ amongst the magistrates of Weston-super-Mare?

A Glass Bubble that Burst

MANY are the bubbles blown in the City which float awhile with gorgeous hues to attract unwary speculators, and then burst with a sorry splash in Carey Street.

Too often, alas! a senior official receiver closes the brief, inglorious career of a company which started with florid promises, and dashes to the ground the hopes of numerous small investors.

How cautious the public should be in investing their savings is shown by the recently issued summary of the statement of affairs of The Commercial Glass Works, Limited, 9-10, Pancras Lane, London, E.C., which was registered in August, 1919, with a nominal capital of £150,000, divided into a million preference shares and half a million ordinary shares, all of 2s. each, and was formed to carry on business as manufacturers of glass of all kinds.

No dividends were ever paid. Within two and a half years the company had a deficiency of £101,152, and £11 7s. was all the cash in the bank!

How this extraordinary state of things was brought about makes instructive reading. An individual named Oscar Moreels entered into an agreement whereby the full and exclusive benefit of certain inventions, formulæ, and memoranda relating to improvements in machinery for the manufacture of glass were purchased from him for £18,000, payable £3,000 in cash and £15,000 in shares.

Moreels was appointed general manager of the company for a period of five years at an annual salary of £500. After a few months, however, when £1,600 had been paid to him on account of his inventions and formulæ, the directors found his services "most unsatisfactory and unsuccessful," and were glad to get rid of him. This they did by the unusual method of presenting him with a motor-car in full settlement of his claims.

Meanwhile the amount of business done by the company was insignificant, owing mainly to mismanagement on the part of Moreels and other directors.

A property known as the Poyle Mills Estate, near Colnbrook, Middlesex, with machinery and plant, was purchased for £42,000, but no satisfactory method of manufacturing glass was ever found, and the inventions acquired from Moreels, on which the high hopes of the concern seem to have been largely based, proved to be of little practical value.

The sad bursting of this gorgeous bubble is seen in the deficiency account, which shows, under losses and depreciation, the property written off at £41,236 and inventions and formulæ at £29,600.

The poor shareholders get nothing. Moreels is better off than they, for he was paid for his inventions and no doubt still has a motor-car, but that does not afford much comfort to the unfortunate investors who have lost their money.

Exploiting the Prince of Wales

TO use the name of the Prince of Wales in an endeavour to get money from the public is impertinence the authorities cannot afford to countenance, and a full inquiry must be made into the story we tell below.

THE impudence of some company promoters is proverbial. But when one of them, to boost his schemes, makes use of the name of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, his impertinence passes all bounds, and ought to make the authorities, in the classic phrase, "stare and gasp." Incidentally, it ought to make them do something more practical.

Here we tell them why. There is on the estate of the Prince of Wales, in the Duchy of Cornwall, a residence known as Prince Hall, which some enterprising people suggested might be acquired for a sporting residential club. It was to have, in addition to the natural attraction of Dartmoor, a polo ground, a golf course, lawn tennis, squash racquet courts, and a bowling green. There was to be salmon and trout fishing, and good rough shooting of grouse and game.

All this was embodied in draft prospectuses, together with a statement that an understanding exists with the Duchy of Cornwall for a lease of land for a steeplechase course, where two meetings were to be held each year, at one of which the principal race would be the Royal Dartmoor Grand Steeplechase, which, the prospectus modestly observed, should prove as attractive as the Grand National, if not more so.

That wasn't all. The proposed racecourse was further described in a copy of a document described as bearing the crest of the Royal Arms of the Duchy of Cornwall, and taking the form of a report said to be supplied by A. Hurn, Esq., Bailiff of Dartmoor to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall.

In it the bailiff was quoted as saying that the resilience of the old Moor imparts a cushion to the galloping horse nowhere to be equalled in these islands, while Dartmoor provides excellent exercise ground and gallops, the ground itself leaving nothing to be desired.

Anybody reading statements of this kind, where such high authorities were referred to and quoted, might have legitimately supposed that *here* was a sound investment of the highest quality and that they were, in fact, helping the Prince of Wales to develop his great Duchy.

On one of the draft prospectuses there are given as directors the names of Major J. H. R. Cox, 9, Glendower Place, S.W. 7; Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., 31, King Street, Portman Square, W.; Thomas Fox-Pitt, Esq., 54, South Eaton Place, S.W.; O. A. Hammersley, Esq., 88, Chancery Lane, W.C.; and Major S. D. Stevenson, 1, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.

At an early stage in the proceedings a gentleman, struck by the first draft prospectus, invested £100 for a life membership and a share interest in the Prince Hall Residential Sports Club, Limited. His money was acknowledged by the Prince Hall Syndicate, Paignton, Devon,—A. R. Courtenay Doneton, Lieutenant, Royal Naval Reserve, Honorary Secretary, and Alick S. Spong, Director, who gave his address as Mount Estoril, Paignton, Devon.

For some time he thought all was going well, and he was encouraged to think so when he got the further draft prospectus with the directors' names and a copy of the Royal Bailiff's report. But the Prince Hall Residential Sports Club, Limited, to which he had subscribed his money, did not materialise.

It has not materialised yet. We find that it is not registered at Somerset House, and that the Prince Hall Syndicate is not registered at the Registry of Business Names, an omission involving heavy penalties.

His solicitors took the matter up. The answer they got is that Mr. Spong is ill and the syndicate has spent all its capital, but that it is hoped that further funds will be forthcoming to meet all demands.

We say that it is a gross scandal that a man should lose his money in a venture thus glowingly referred to in draft prospectuses which contain the names of important people, and further endorsed by reports quoted as coming from officials of the Prince.

Everybody will at once recognise that the Prince of Wales is in no way to blame. He is entitled to resent the use that has been made of his name, and of the report described as coming from his bailiff. We doubt very much whether the directors gave their consent to the use which has been made of their names, or that they ever gave their approval to the methods used by the Prince Hall Syndicate.

But there is the fact that an unfortunate investor, dazzled by all this startling literature—the last word in company-promoting impudence—has parted with money which he cannot get back.

The Prince of Wales ought to be protected against unscrupulous exploitation, just as much as the directors whose names have been made use of, and we think that a plain duty lies on the Board of Trade to find out who is at the bottom of this gross outrage, who issued these draft prospectuses, etc., apparently on behalf of a company that has never been registered.

A prompt and full investigation must immediately follow the revelations we have here made.

Workers' Lives in Peril

ONE of the functions of the Board of Trade is to safeguard the lives of workers in dangerous occupations. Under the Boiler Explosion Acts (1882-1890) it has powers to hold inquiries into explosions which have caused damage to life and limb.

During the last year for which figures have just become available, thirty-five explosions were investigated, twenty-six of which resulted in loss of life or personal injury. In some cases the owners were held to blame, in others the superintending engineer, in others directors of the company owning the boiler, and they were ordered to pay fines from £10 to £300.

The defects of the Board of Trade's protecting activities may be best explained by some illuminating examples. An explosion took place at the by-products works of the Mitchell Main Colliery Company, Ltd., Wombwell, near Barnsley, Yorkshire. Several people were injured, and Joseph Taylor, a fitter's labourer, was killed.

The explosion was caused by a fire-heater being subjected to a greater pressure than it was capable of withstanding. It was not insured and, though it had been inspected by officials of the company, it had not bya n insurance society.

The Board of Trade reports that if the relief valve had been properly set, and in good working order, the explosion would not have occurred, and adds that it is extraordinary that life is being continually endangered by neglect to provide and maintain effective safety valves. It is; and it is extraordinary that the Board of Trade can do nothing more than pass pious disapproval over the bodies of the dead.

An explosion occurred at the works of Messrs. Protherton & Co., Ltd., Holmes Street, Leeds, and James Gibbin and Arthur Taylor were killed and some other men injured. The boiler was not insured and the official report says that no one with any engineering skill inspected the boiler, which was over eighteen years old. The Board of Trade reports that the company was chiefly responsible and that the works were under no proper skilled engineering supervision. The company had to pay £200 towards the cost of the inquiry.

An explosion took place at the Somerville Barnard Construction Co., Ltd., New Cross, London, S.E., when the fire-box of a boiler collapsed, and one man was killed and one injured. The fire-box was worn out and unfit for the working pressure. It had been inspected and insured by the Scottish Boiler and General Assurance Company, which was held to blame and ordered to pay £300 towards the cost of the inquiry, and the firm and one of its members were each ordered to pay £50.

We want to save the lives of the workers and not merely to subsidise the expensive Board of Trade.

Flat-Racing Fool Traps

THE poet Dryden, who declared many years ago that "Bets at first were fool-traps, where the wise like spiders lay in ambush for the flies," might be surprised if he could return to earth and see the extent to which the predatory species which he observed survives to the present day.

The flat-racing season is now in full swing, and already murmurs are arising respecting the sharp practices of the self-same grab-alls who feathered their nests so comfortably throughout the winter at the expense of gamblers on the ball game, and are evidently preparing to reap an equally rich harvest on the Turf.

Prominent among these gentry are Norman Tattersall & Co., Inc., the self-styled International Turf Accountants, of 23, Elmbank Street, Glasgow, whose extravagant promises and meagre fulfilment with reference to football coupon betting we exposed not long ago under the heading of "Tin-Pot Tattersalls."

This mysterious concern still issues the amazing "Tattersall's Weekly Gazette" from Glasgow, but apparently continues to conduct most of its activities from an office in Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

A recent issue of the "Gazette" declares boldly, "We meet all our liabilities. Where most firms cavil and evade by artifice the payment of such a petty sum as a fiver, we have paid out during this year as much as £25,000 over one racing wager."

This is very fine high-falutin, but the fact that we have complaints regarding these tin-pot Tattersalls' non-payment of football bets, and even of their odds to a shilling each way on Master Robert for the Grand National, will not inspire confidence.

Then there is Robert Bird, of 34, Langham Street, London, W., regarding whom we have a heavily congested file of complaints of non-payment of winnings. He, if ever there was one, is a spider lying in ambush for the flies.

James & Leeson, of 29, Beadon Road, Hammersmith, London, W., have repeatedly defaulted both as regards football coupon betting and turf transactions, but they still spin their web for unwary punters.

Dennis & Lee, of 11, Soho Street, London, W., come into the same category.

George Clark, of 289, Regent Street, London, W., whom we have many times exposed, remains as ever one of the most notorious defaulters, and it is astonishing that he has been able to continue his career so far unchecked.

Unfortunately, the eye of the law appears to be so intently fixed upon the detection of infractions which take place daily in the street, that the systematic swindling which goes on year in and year out in offices run by so-called accountants of this class goes unpunished.

Cannot the public be protected against the hordes of these objectionable spiders?

A Captain in Society

A HANDSOME, dashing young fellow, with brown eyes and auburn hair and winning ways, is thoroughly enjoying life at present in the most impudent and shameless manner, and it is high time that the police did something to interrupt his joyous and pernicious career.

He is well spoken and always elegantly attired. He poses as a captain who did some rather heroic things in the war and wears the ribbon of the Military Medal. He is not a captain. He is not an ex-officer. He is not entitled to the distinction flaunted on his coat to impress the unsuspecting people he fleeces.

The police have received many complaints about him, and Scotland Yard knows quite a number of society people who have fallen for this handsome rogue's specious stories and who have handed him money for specific purposes to which, of course, it has not been applied.

His real name is Malcolm Tripp, although his favourite pose is that of "Captain Tripp-Spone." He always masquerades as a captain, and has many aliases. Sometimes he is "Captain" Marriott, sometimes Trapp, sometimes Winter, sometimes Bonner, sometimes Stone, sometimes Crawford, sometimes Hoare, and often Abbott and Margetts—all honoured names brazenly misused.

He tells a long story of the good work done by the various institutions he has chosen to honour, and, falsely representing that he is an accredited agent of the particular concern he is "working" at the time, obtains large sums of money as subscriptions.

Amongst the concerns he falsely claims to represent are the British Empire Union, 9, Agar Street, Charing Cross, London, S.W., the National Citizens Union, 56, Victoria Street, S.W., and he finds it very profitable to get money from good-hearted citizens as subscriptions towards a society which, he states, is to be formed to stamp out the revolutionary teachings to little children in socialistic Sunday-schools.

He has obtained a large amount of money in this way—in sums of five guineas, three guineas, two guineas and a guinea. He never takes less than one guinea and is modest enough not to ask for more than five.

The territory that he has lately worked is Mayfair and Belgravia, and he is quite a pet amongst dowager countesses and wealthy old ladies. Some of them have not even had their suspicions aroused when the promised official receipt has not arrived, which is another way of saying that "Captain" Tripp has a genius for finding the kind of people who are likely to fall for his plausible stories.

It may help to identify this brazen and heartless rascal to add that he has a scar over the right eye, and if he is identified by any of our readers they will be doing a service in communicating with the police.

How many more victims are to be fleeced before he is arrested?

Money Grabbers to Watch

IT is a scandal that people can be robbed with ease by sharks who operate outside the Stock Exchange and laugh at the failure of their dupes to get back the money they parted with through specious promises.

IT is a great pity that the Stock Exchange is unable to protect itself against the advertising and share-pushing touts who are allowed to describe themselves as "Stockbrokers," and who bring so much discredit upon the financial reputation of the City of London.

Amongst these advertising "outside brokers" is a firm called M. E. Aylmer & Co., of 34-35, High Holborn, London, W.C., which issues some very optimistic and highly coloured literature describing itself as a house which has created and continues to maintain the most solid business of its kind in the United Kingdom.

Amongst other reasons why a client should deal with this firm it gives the statement that its methods are absolutely straight and above-board. The information it offers is "absolutely reliable," and amounts of £5 to £500 are, it says, frequently doubled or trebled in a very little while.

It does not state who makes these profits—whether the firm or the customer. But to reveal that might be carrying engaging frankness too far.

The system on which the firm is supposed to work is the old flat-catching business of buying stocks on "cover." That is, you put down, say, a five-pound note, with which the firm is supposed to buy an option on, say, a hundred pounds worth of some stock. If the stock goes up more then five points you make a profit. If it goes down your loss is limited to five pounds.

This sort of deal looks very well on paper, and Messrs. Aylmer & Co. describe it as "judicious and prudent speculation" of the kind that has made millionaires in America.

Of course when you are dealing with outside brokers, you have no hold on them and you are entirely in their hands. Mrs. Poole, of Alton Lodge, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham, has, to give one case, had an experience which illustrates this aspect of "judicious and prudent speculation."

She put down £50, with which the firm was supposed to buy, on a marginal cover, a number of Bradford Dyers and other shares. As the circular says, the information on which this deal was based was "absolutely reliable" and should make handsome profits.

It didn't. The shares fell instead of rising, and Mrs. Poole told the firm to sell so that she might cut her losses. They did not do so in time. They replied begging to be excused for the delay which was due to the illness of the principal, who was suffering from a nervous breakdown.

Her £50 by this time had dwindled to £30, and even this they would not hand over to her until she took them into Court. There they pleaded the Gaming Act. This is a somewhat different procedure than you would expect when you read in their circulars that their great idea is to make every customer "a personal friend."

In any case that is what you have to expect when you deal with people of this kind who talk a great deal about honest dealing and straightforwardness, but are not above pleading the Gaming Act, which really puts them in the position of playing the familiar game of "Heads we win—and Tails you lose!"

Judge Ruegg, K.C., describing this plea of the Gaming Act, said that anything more monstrous on the part of a firm calling themselves respectable stockbrokers it was impossible to imagine. They said they had been established since 1887, and the judge's comment was that this was probably as true as most of the other things that appeared in their circulars, but that if it *was* true, and if this was their system of carrying on business, they ought long ago to have been in the police courts for obtaining money by false pretences. Judgment was given for the amount claimed, and the firm asked for seven days delay. "I will not give them an hour," said the judge.

We can tell His Honour something about this concern. It is run by a man called A. E. Gatcombe, who years ago traded on similar lines at Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, W., and at Granville Chambers, Bournemouth, as "Charles Coventry & Co." There were repeated complaints of their methods of business and the police were many times approached by Gatcombe's dupes, but declined to take any proceedings on the ground that it was difficult to prove false pretences.

Gatcombe's method is to broadcast unsolicited circulars all over the country—many of them reach widows and clergymen—and he finds a large number of fools among people who do not understand the "marginal cover" business.

There is only one safe rule for the investing public—deal only with members of the Stock Exchange.

And the Public Prosecutor, whose business it is to protect people from sharks, should certainly look into the affairs of this concern in view of the outspoken statements we have thought it our duty to make in the public interest.

A Real Job for the Yard

WHAT are the authorities at Scotland Yard doing in regard to the many hundreds of complaints they have received, and are still receiving, respecting the activities of an expert gang of thieves, who have robbed and ruined English manufacturers and traders throughout the length and breadth of Britain?

We ask this question because it is one of enormous importance, involving the sum of millions of pounds, and affecting the financial collapse of thousands of poor victims who are looking to Scotland Yard for help and protection.

It is within our knowledge that the dossiers at Scotland Yard contain stacks of information about this gang, and that months ago a special detachment of detectives was told off to make a complete investigation of what is one of the most amazing frauds of modern times.

Two eminent police officers, Detective Inspector Prothero and Superintendent Wensley, were placed in charge of the inquiry.

The head of the gang is a cunning and clever alien, who uses so many different names that it is impossible to enumerate them. With headquarters in the City of London, he is assisted by scores of tricksters who are almost as slimy as their leader.

What the gang does, and has done for years, is to open concerns in various parts of the country under different names. Then it proceeds to obtain goods from traders and manufacturers. References are given which seem quite in order — but which come, of course, from other bogus companies run by accomplices.

Cheques are sent out in settlement of the first two or three orders and then, when complete confidence of the trader has been obtained, huge orders are given on credit, and the unsuspecting trader learns that the "firm" has vanished with thousands of pounds worth of stolen goods which are promptly sold elsewhere.

Upwards of six thousand traders have been recently caught in this way, and one firm suffered to the tune of nearly £50,000!

Do the police know that the defalcations of eight "firms" which failed recently caused losses amongst three hundred duped manufacturers of over £110,000?—of which £47,000 was lost by ninety firms in Manchester; £15,000 by forty firms in Leicester; over £10,000 by thirty-eight firms in Bradford, while a hundred firms in other parts of England lost, between them, £30,000!

And the strange thing about all this is that a warrant for the arrest of the ring-leader of the gang has been in existence since 1921. Why is it not executed?

The reported frauds of his gang run into millions of pounds, and yet this wholesale robbery goes on merrily.

Meantime—thousands of dupes, once prosperous traders but now ruined, wait for Scotland Yard to act.

THE NEW MAGIC CARPET

by HARRY HARPER *(Technical Secretary of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee).*

IN the development of the air machine as a great means of communication, rather than as a weapon of war, the writer sees the salvation of the world. Rapid aerial transport will lead to quicker friendships between nations. The whole world will joy-ride in the air, and it will be possible for us to spend our week-ends in the South Sea Islands!

WE have been reading, just lately, of terrible rays of death. We have been told—which is true—that the world is beginning another and even more fearful race in armaments; this time with flying machines instead of with armies and navies. We have been told that, even if great nations come together and agree to some limitation of such dreadful weapons, this will never save us from the risk of some unscrupulous foe who will build up a secret air fleet, and launch a blow against humanity which will send our civilisation tottering into ruin.

Dreadful prospects, these! Dark, ominous clouds! And yet, though so few people realise it, there is a silver lining to these clouds which grows brighter day by day.

THE aeroplane, that marvellous ultra-modern machine, is what one might call a two-edged sword. Its terrors are granted. We saw something of them in the last war, though the military aeroplane was in its infancy, and we are warned that even more fearful lessons are to come.

But what those who dwell on coming terrors do not tell us is, that this power of flying, though it is fraught with evil in wicked hands, is a marvellous instrument of good when it is used constructively rather than destructively.

In the great "air age" we are now entering upon, the world is going to become an extremely small place. All our notions of time and distance are to be changed. We are not only entering upon a new era, but we are entering upon a new way of living. We are entering upon an epoch which will alter profoundly the mental attitude of every living being on the globe.

And that alteration of mental attitude is going to be all for the good. It is going to widen our vision. It is going to free us from prejudices. It is going to give us healthy, open minds.

HOW will this be so? Simply by the distance-devouring speed of the "air express." Just imagine what it will mean. Journeys of weeks will be reduced to days; those of days to hours. We shall whirl in a week to far Australia. No part of the earth's surface, no matter how remote, will be more than about ten days journey from London.

All earthly barriers will be broken down; geographical obstructions will vanish. The air lines of the future will pass just as readily over mountains and oceans as they do over fertile plains.

No one can realise, save those who are behind the scenes in flying to-day, what enormous post-war strides we have been making. Towards the end of the war we were building certain parts of aeroplanes of metal. To-day, after wonderful post-war researches, we are beginning to produce complete aeroplanes of steel. Every part of these machines is of metal.

They have a strength, a durability, impossible otherwise to obtain. And such flying machines of steel, with all their long working lives, are being turned out to-day actually lighter, rather than heavier, than similar machines of wood. This modern miracle is being achieved by secret perfections in the use of thin "ribbons," or strips, of high-grade steel, which are corrugated cunningly in order to give them an immense strength as well as an almost incredible lightness.

NOT only are aeroplanes of a size possible, in steel, which would have been impossible in our pioneer phase of "wood and wire," but such weight reductions can be achieved, by a scientific use of metal, that a big 'plane can be built of steel which is so light—compared with any previous methods of construction—that its cargo capacity is enhanced considerably, and a much more promising aspect put upon the transport of freight by air.

And here is another factor which, when it is allied to steel construction, is going to transform all our previous notions as to the cost of aerial transport. After an arduous phase of experiment, in which private enterprise has been reinforced by the Government, we are on the eve of the practical use of a new engine for aeroplanes.

This motor, a staunch, simply-built giant which looks like a huge motor-car engine, is built on the semi-Diesel principle. What this means, stripping the whole question of technicalities, is that this new monster-motor, representing probably the most important step forward flying has ever taken, is not to use as its fuel any costly high-grade aviation petrol. It will, on the contrary, run on a form of crude-oil fuel.

SUCH oil-fuel, instead of costing 2s. 3d. a gallon, as does the best petrol for aeroplanes, will cost only a few pence a gallon! And, as the cost of fuel is one of the biggest items in running an air service, it is easy to imagine what a revolution will be brought about in operating charges when we have these oil-engines actually adapted to regular airway use.

They will alter the whole complexion of everything. Flying will become cheap as well as immensely rapid. It will become possible to carry air-loads at rates so low that they would have been considered impossible only a little time ago.

And when flying is cheap as well as swift and safe, as it is absolutely certain to become, it will mean that the whole world will take to the air. Aerial navigation will become universal. People will spend their week-ends in far-off countries. We shall go for our summer holidays to places like the South Sea islands. We shall,

Mr. HARRY HARPER.

by degrees, adopt one international "airway" language, which will be the tongue used by all who fly, and which will enable people of all nations to exchange ideas with an ease which is impossible to-day.

WHAT will all this mean? It will mean that the peoples of the world will get to know each other in a way that has been literally impossible hitherto.

They will become friends. They will learn to understand each other's point of view. They will meet each other constantly. They will be as at home in foreign capitals as they are in their own cities.

And what will be the result? Well, those who have spent their lives in fostering this wonderful science of aviation believe that men of different nations will grow to know each other so well, and to respect each other so well, that they will shrink appalled from the very idea of war.

IT will be a horrible idea for the people of one nation to think of killing and maiming the people of another nation, and for the simple reason that instead of being strangers to each other they will be friends, speaking a common tongue and visiting each other constantly. They will, in a word, know each other far too well ever to dream of beginning to cut each other's throats.

HERE, then, lies the salvation of the world—in the development of the air machine as a great and growing means of communication, rather than as a weapon of war. We say that the art of flying has been sent into the world to be a great and final test of mankind.

If the world misuses it, if the world turns it deliberately to purposes of destruction rather than of construction, then the world will be doomed, and civilisation will tumble into chaos.

But if the world proves worthy of this power that it is now being given, of this "magic carpet" of the air, then we shall move swiftly into an era of peace, happiness and world-wide progress.

Gone will be racial antipathies; gone will be international misunderstandings. The world will be divided no longer into separate "tribes," or great groups of people talking and thinking differently. These relics of barbarism will be banished once and for all.

THERE are no frontiers in the air. In the air age the world will be inhabited not by masses of people cut off from each other by barriers of oceans, mountains, and a babel of different tongues. They will speed at 300 miles an hour, high above every earthly barrier or restriction and, using a common language of the air, they will grow by degrees into one vast, happy family, talking and thinking alike, and all working for the common good.

Is this all a dream? Is it merely a hopeful fantasy? A thousand times, no! We who know now what flying is to become, declare that, given only the right spirit in the hearts of men, this great and golden age is now actually dawning.

WE stand to-day on its very threshold; and—if only we think and act rightly—we can pass across that threshold into a new age in which life, for everyone, will be really and truly worth the living.

Harry Harper

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., 10, Downing Street.

SIR,—I wish to address you in your capacity as Foreign Minister. The only practical step to avert war so far taken by the League of Nations is the framing of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, under which it is suggested that States composing the League should rally to the support of any nation exposed to wanton and unprovoked attack. The draft of this important treaty was submitted to the British Foreign Office for approval in October, 1922; but so far no reply has reached Geneva. Apart from two small communities which hardly count, Great Britain is the only European State to show such incivility to the League of Nations. This is a reproach which must be instantly removed. JOHN BULL.

To M. POINCARE,
Prime Minister of France.

MONSIEUR,—Like your celebrated countrymen, the Bourbons, it seems that you have "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Already your stubborn pride threatens to mar the fair hopes raised by the report of the Experts Committee on German Reparations. At the crisis of the ways your policy imperils the very foundations of Europe. For Heaven's sake drop the role of Caesar, and give peace a chance. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., Home Secretary.

SIR,—Now that your colleague has got the Budget off his chest I will draw your attention to a circumstance that he has made no effort to improve. Every year hundreds of old people are forced, for various reasons, to enter one or other of the Poor Law Institutions. If and when this happens their old-age pension is stopped. This acts both ways; it impoverishes still further the poor folk; it relieves the Government of a legitimate charge and places it on the local authorities. Kindly ask Mr. Snowden to make provision to overcome this unfair proceeding. JOHN BULL.

To LORD BUCKMASTER,
Chairman, Mining Inquiry.

MY LORD,—When the royalties paid to coal-owners were put before you, you remarked that the sums did not appear to be very considerable. Seeing they ranged from £38,000 in the case of Lord Durham to £115,000 in the cases of the Duke of Hamilton and the Marquis of Bute, I cannot understand you. Such sums, which represent the unearned fruits of other men's labour, strike me as being very considerable indeed. What must they look like to the miner who only gets 45s. for his week's work? Private ownership of natural mineral wealth is indefensible. JOHN BULL.

To LORD HALDANE,
Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD,—Surely there should be a time-limit for criminal prosecutions except in cases of extreme gravity. At Bow Street the other day an American citizen faced Sir Chartres Biron from the dock. The charge against him, arising out of events that happened in the United States, was thirteen years old. There was no suggestion that the crime alleged amounted to felony. The whole thing savoured strongly of persecuting a man who had tried to live down a bygone suspicion. The police, I fancy, might find more useful work than this. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT HORNE, K.C., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Because you failed to detect in Mr. Snowden's Budget signs of the Socialism of which you have made such a bogey, you turned and mocked the Government. You had to sneer somehow, and your exasperation at the saneness of the first Labour Budget showed you up in a very poor light. Your insolent insinuation that Imperial interests are safe only in Conservative hands needs no answering. The Government by its deeds has proved otherwise to the country. JOHN BULL.

Some Academy pictures we should like to see.

To JOSEPH SHARPE, Esq.,
Magistrate, West Ham.

YOUR WORSHIP,—In sending to prison for one month with hard labour a man who assaulted a so-called "blackleg" during a strike, you administered no more than justice. Trade unions are fond of talking about the "right to strike." It is refreshing to find someone upholding the "right to work." I congratulate you. JOHN BULL.

To H. ROLLETT, Esq.,
Grocer, Grimsby.

SIR,—I see that you are to be "hung," not at Pentonville, but at Burlington House—a landscape painting of yours being considered of sufficient merit for inclusion in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition. How you managed to achieve this artistic success while working twelve hours a day in your grocery store I cannot say, but there it is, and I take off my hat to you. Keep it up! JOHN BULL.

To Dr. A. AMBROSE,
Coroner, Essex.

SIR,—It is pleasant to find that your concern is not only with the dead. To say the least it is a kindly impulse which prompts you to announce that for the future any persons who are suffering distress of mind may pour their troubles into your sympathetic ear. Impressed by the number of cases of suicide it has been your sad duty to investigate, you intend to test the power of human kindness to assuage the maladies of the soul. It is a worthy aim. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. D. KENNEDY-BELL,
Vicar of St. John's, Wandsworth Common.

REV. SIR,—I am glad that at least one influential Churchman can be found to lift up his voice against the sweating of the clergy. As you bluntly say, many curates "receive less than a living wage," and this—if I may add a rider to your remarks—is a scandal and a disgrace to the richest Church in Christendom. Curates, like other people, are entitled to a living wage, and vicars should only engage them when such a wage can be granted. JOHN BULL.

To ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Esq.,
The Garrick Club.

DEAR MR. BOURCHIER,—I welcome your powerful aid in the effort to stamp out the bogus theatrical manager. "A bogus manager," you say, "is a being who engages a company of actors and actresses without sufficient money to pay them, and leaves them stranded." This is a neat definition of a monstrous abuse. These "beings" must be exterminated. JOHN BULL.

To THE CHAIRMAN,
Alexandra Park Trust.

SIR,—It appears that the finances of the Alexandra Park Trust are "wropt in mystery," but as the Trust exists for the purpose of administering the funds of the Alexandra Palace and Park on behalf of the public, I should like one or two points explained. Just to be going on with, will you tell me and the public where the £40,000 paid by the Government to the Palace has gone? The Palace is a stupendous white elephant—and an expensive one. JOHN BULL.

To HERBERT PICKERING, Esq.,
Governor, H.M. Prison, Newcastle.

SIR,—Kindly remember that you are a servant of the public—the whole public, not the Pussyfoot section only. And as such you exceeded the bounds of discretion when you publicly declared: "Have no mercy on 'the Trade'; hit it hard and kill it; because you will not hurt anybody worth hurting." What of the thousands of workers and small investors in the Trade? JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

90,000 BABIES TO DIE

Boys will be Boys

ACCORDING to his own confession, Captain E. R. Evans, the Antarctic explorer and hero of the Dover patrol action in 1917, was once a "bad boy." At any rate he was expelled from school and for a boyish prank was arrested.

The gallant officer's purpose in recalling the episode in the course of a recent speech at Weymouth was to plead for the more sensible treatment of juvenile delinquency. The views of Captain Evans coincide exactly with our own. The really "bad" boy is an extremely rare animal.

In so far as he exists he has too often been birched and bullied into badness. The youngster who breaks the law does so, as a rule, from an excess of animal spirits or in a mood of pure mischief—or, it may be, spurred on by the spirit of adventure that first got young Evans into trouble at school and at a later date won for him an imperishable renown in the chief destroyer action of the war.

That there is good in the worst of boys—as there is bad in the best of them—has been proved over and over again. A foolish slip ought not to condemn a boy to the purgatory of a reformatory school until milder methods have been tried and failed.

In proper hands they seldom will fail, and we are glad to notice that magistrates are making greater use than formerly of the probation officers attached to their courts, whose record in the reclamation of juvenile offenders has opened up a new and brighter chapter in the annals of the law.

Trouser Wages

"MEN must work and women must weep" ran the old song. The sentiment is out of date. In these post-war days women must work, albeit too often they weep as well. Economic pressure has driven women into the labour market.

This is a stern fact which it is no use arguing about. The important thing now is to see to it that women in industry get a square deal. In some cases they are not getting it. Employers are taking advantage of the lack of organisation of female labour to assail their wages standards and bring back the curse of sweating.

In the Birmingham district recently, female workers in a number of trades suffered a wage "cut" of eight shillings a week all round, reducing their earnings to a bare pittance. This unfair discrimination against defenceless women workers is a scandal. The remedy lies in the establishment of Trade Boards in all industries employing women.

Tragedies of the Cradle

OFFICIAL figures prove that child-bearing is our most dangerous trade. In Britain over four thousand women die each year in child-birth, and every year we lose ninety thousand babies.

IF asked to name Britain's most dangerous occupation we should reply—motherhood. The most perilous of pursuits is child-bearing. To some this may be a surprising statement. Official figures prove that it is a true one. One miner dies every five hours: terrible as is this figure, the maternity death-rate is still more saddening. At intervals of two hours throughout the year in Great Britain alone a woman dies in child-birth.

Think of it—an average of four thousand, three hundred deaths a year in the life-giving process of birth. As a recent memorandum of the Ministry of Health has stated, "the amount of avoidable sickness and suffering arising out of child-birth is one of the tragedies of our working-class mothers." Small wonder that many women shrink from the ordeal of confinement. Child-bearing has come to be a dangerous trade.

Is there no help for this? Is it needful that the portals of life should be the gates of death? These are questions for the Ministry of Health, and upon the answer given to them depends the future well-being of the nation. It is to be noted that the memorandum already quoted speaks of "avoidable" illness. Avoidable sickness and preventable deaths should have no place in a civilised community. Science and social effort, aided where necessary by legislation, must join hands to put a stop to this massacre of mothers.

BUT this is not all. Every year death claims ninety thousand British babies. Owing to our deplorable social conditions, to bad housing and the lack of fresh air and sunshine, the most trifling of infant maladies becomes a scythe in the hands of the Grim Harvester.

Out of every thousand children born in England and Wales last year, sixty-nine died before reaching the first anniversary of their birth. Another forty out of every thousand of those remaining perish before the age of five.

This national tragedy challenges the attention of the Government. The call of true patriotism is—Save the children. These drafts upon the Bank of Life are the real gilt-edged securities of the Empire Such endemic diseases as measles, scarlet fever, chicken-pox, and the other scourges of infancy, ought not to be accepted as a dispensation of Providence.

The fact is that the maladies of childhood have never been properly studied by the doctors, and no serious attempt has been made to mobilise the resources of the State for the purpose of a holy war upon the enemies of childhood.

AT a conference of the League of Nations held at Washington a year or two ago, it was sought to establish a convention between civilised nations, to be translated into law by their respective Parliaments, ensuring six months' rest and maintenance to mothers before confinement, and a similar period for rest and recuperation after the great ordeal.

Great Britain has not ratified this convention. This omission must be rectified. The Ministry of Health should simultaneously order an inquiry into the causes of infantile mortality and of the high maternal death-rate.

Life is more than money. The martyrdom of women must cease. The social neglect which turns cradles into coffins is a monstrous travesty of our duty to the child.

Hospital Chaos

IT is a good thing that there should be a conference on the question of hospital treatment. The great voluntary hospitals are in a bad way. Scarcely a month passes without a frantic appeal from one well-known institution or another to save it from closing its wards.

What, then, is to be done? Must the State step in and acquire the hospitals for its own? We do not want to see the great free hospitals turned into poor law infirmaries with their fatal taint of pauperism. Yet in some way or other the State must come to the rescue.

Might it not be possible for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take a leaf out of the book of such generous donors as Sir H. Mallaby-Deeley, and others who have preceded him, and make grants in aid to the hospitals in proportion to the sums raised by voluntary effort? At any rate, we advance this proposal in the hope that it may seriously be considered.

In this way the hospitals would derive the benefit of State assistance without the handicap of State interference. Few thinking persons wish to hand over these splendid institutions to the tender care of the bureaucrats who so often lack the human touch that counts for so much in the treatment of the sick. Yet the hospitals cannot go on as they are.

The suggestion we make seems to offer a middle course between State management with its obvious danger on the one hand, and on the other, the haphazard charity which no longer supplies this urgent social need.

Sky Pilots Astray

A WELL-INTENTIONED clergyman, the Rev. D. Kennedy-Bell, resents the fact that some Labour M.P.s get a better hearing than the parsons, even when treating moral, as distinct from political, questions. But surely this is not a matter for grudging complaint.

It is "up" to the preachers to find their way to the hearts of the people. Some of them have found it. "Woodbine Willie," otherwise the Rev. G. Stoddart-Kennedy, commands as good a hearing as any politician.

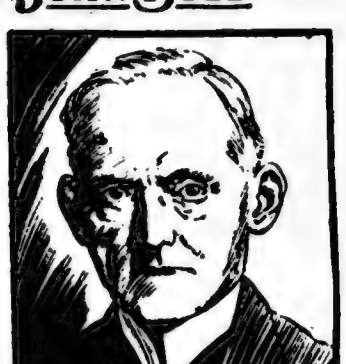
The thing the parsons must realise, whether they like it or not, is that the average man is too concerned with finding and maintaining a six-roomed cottage to have much leisure to speculate about "mansions in the skies."

Men and women are aching for spiritual comfort, but they believe that true religion is "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction"—with all that the sacred text implies.

The Ascent of Snowden

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. SNOWDEN has given us a good and an honest Budget, says our contributor. And now that Labour has realised that it can get what it wants by the orderly processes of Parliamentary Government, we need have no fear of violent or ill-considered revolution.



Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose first Budget is discussed in this article.

SOME people say that Mr. Snowden's Budget is an election manifesto, and some people say that it is intended to enable the Government to dig themselves in. But everyone agrees that it is a good Budget. Putting aside the one question of controversy, Liberals, Conservatives and Labour alike are claiming that it is just the Budget they wanted, and the public is purring to itself with a comfortable sense that Labour in power is as reasonable as any other party could be.

That is a discovery worth making. Whether we like it or not, the working classes are now the ruling power and their influence in the State will grow. It is gratifying to have the evidence which the Budget affords that that influence will be wisely used, and that the fears of "red ruin and the breaking up of laws," which some nervous people have entertained about the future, are unfounded.

FOR myself, I have never had any fear of the people of this country. The only fear I have had has been that the Labour movement might grow distrustful of Parliament, might come to regard it as the unchanging instrument of wealth, and might be diverted into other and more dangerous channels. The greatest interest of this country is to preserve the confidence of the people in Parliament as the vehicle of reform. So long as that confidence is retained we need have no fear of violent or ill-considered revolution. And now that Labour has realised that it has "a place in the sun" at Westminster and that it can get what it wants by the orderly processes of Parliamentary government, I think we may regard Constitutionalism as safe, and Leninism on the one hand, and Mussolinism on the other, as dangers that do not threaten us.

That is all to the good, and the Budget, as showing us what Labour in action really means, is good also. I did not expect anything else from Mr. Snowden. I have known him pretty intimately since he first appeared in the Parliamentary ring in the Khaki election nearly a quarter of a century ago, and I rejoice in the popularity in which he is sunning himself to-day. It is a pleasant thing to see so heroic a struggle against physical disablement as he has waged for half a lifetime so triumphantly crowned with success, though but for that disablement—so strange are the vicissitudes of life—it is possible that he would still have been a civil servant instead of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

AND a very good Chancellor, too! One of the best. That, I think, is the unanimous verdict. It is the verdict because he has stuck to sound principles of good housekeeping, has steered an even keel between competing interests, and has lightened the taxation of the poor in ways which command general approval. I am no advocate of relieving the poor of all taxation. I think we ought all to be taxed according to our capacity, not merely for the good of the State, but for the education of ourselves. It is only by having to pay for government that we can be taught to take a citizen's interest in government. If we vote only other people's money away we shall be careless how it is spent and have bad government in consequence, but if we vote our own money away we shall be careful how it is spent and have good government for our reward.

BUT the worst way of taxing the poor is through their stomachs, the things they eat, the things they wear and the houses they live in. It is bad in two ways. It diminishes consumption, and, in diminishing consumption, diminishes trade. But the greater evil, as I pointed out last week, is that taxes on the necessaries of life fall with greater weight, not according to your riches, but according to your poverty. The richer you are, the less proportion they bear to your income; the poorer you are, the greater proportion they bear to your income. You may have as many millions as Mr. Rockefeller or Lord Cowdray, but you will not need more sugar or more tea or more bread and fats than the navvy or the labourer—in fact, you will need much less. Yet the tax, in both cases, is the same. Take sugar alone. I estimate that with the tax as it was a week ago the impost cost a household of five 2s. a week. That is nothing if your income is £1,000 a week or £100 a week; but it is a great deal if you happen to be a housewife who has to make ends meet on 30s. or £2 a week. Taxes on consumption, in short, are the most unjust and cruel of taxes that can be devised. Happily, under our system, we have few of them. We have been trying to get rid of them for generations, but the war sent them soaring up higher than ever.

Now Mr. Snowden has made a huge cut at them in so far as they apply to the necessaries of life, and in doing so has lightened the burden of every poor household in the land. They are still a heavy tax on the lightest purses, but a bold beginning has been made towards sweeping them away, and we must not rest until they have gone altogether. If we are taxed, let us be taxed openly and fairly, not furtively in our lumps of sugar and our cups of tea. I should like to see all our taxes levied directly on our income, so that we know what we are paying and can see that we are paying fairly; but so long as the indirect, concealed taxation continues, let us have it confined to luxuries, which, at least, we can cut down or dispense with without loss to health. It will be a long time, I fear, before Mr. Snowden or any other Chancellor will allow us to smoke a tax-free pipe of tobacco or drink a tax-free glass of beer.

AND on the taxation of luxuries I shall make my one criticism of the Budget. Since we are to have taxation on consumption, I think the entertainment tax is as fair as any, and it has the advantage of enabling us to see what we pay to the revenue. Instead of reducing that tax Mr. Snowden would have done better to restore our penny postage. We shall none of us be happy till we see that symbol of the good old times back. I said what I had to say on the McKenna duties last week, and I have nothing to add or withdraw.

Mr. Snowden has given us a good Budget, an honest Budget, a safe Budget. If Labour in power is always as sensible, there is no need for the most nervous of us to lie awake at nights.

"Workers no more want control of industry than privates want control of an army."

A Granny

DR. HEARNSHAW, professor of history in the University of London, has been good enough to lend point, by a series of articles on "Peace in Industry," to my last week's plea that reasoning by abuse only results in self-destroying futility.

The learned professor is perturbed by the grievous prevalence of discontent amongst dwellers in the filthy and fever-haunted hovels of our industrial rookeries, whose lives are spent in a dull and hopeless struggle with poverty. He recognises that their state is "eminently unnatural and unhealthy," and that it "runs counter to deep-seated instincts of human nature." He implicitly admits that we are not likely to get back to national good will, co-operation, prosperity, and content until industry is humanised, and the lives of these drudges are made less "harsh and unattractive."

Then, by way of producing national unity of effort in the amendment of these conditions, he proceeds lustily to belabour the trusted representatives of the discontented masses as "deliberate knaves" who deceive their "comrades" with cunning sophistries in order to gratify their "two diabolical lusts for plunder and for power"!

I would respectfully ask the learned professor whether he really thinks this sort of silly flapdoodle is likely to conciliate and convert the rebels of the Clyde, the hard-headed spinners and weavers of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the shrewd mechanics of Thames-side, or the jaded mothers who spend their anxious days in planning to balance their poor budgets, to make ends meet, and to provide their bairns with boots?

The leaders of the masses may be ignorant, they may be mistaken, they may be foolish. But they are the common people's selected representatives, and none who has intimate knowledge of them would ever accuse them of deliberate knavery. If they are wrong, let the good professor reason with them and expose their "sophistries." But mere abuse of the teachers, as birds of prey, will never help the "dupes" to distinguish—as Hamlet has it—"a hawk from a Hearnshaw."

To bring content to the masses, to stimulate them to patriotic co-operation in restoring the national prosperity, we must reawaken the sentiment which binds decent folk to their homes and their country, the hope that aspires to happier conditions and greater enlightenment for their

Woman's Astounding Life Story

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

A FEW weeks ago we published an amazing letter from a miner's wife in which she made a pathetic plea for the miners. To-day we reprint that strange letter with her subsequent remarks. Together they make one of the most moving human documents we have read.

MOST of my readers will remember the letter written by "A Miner's Wife Who Knows." It was published here under the title of "An Amazing Document." For the benefit of those who missed it, we are reprinting this letter, which will be found at the top of the last column of this page.

Now hear the sequel. The publication of that letter came as a revelation to the woman who wrote it. She never dreamed to see it in print. She says that when she read it she seemed to see herself for the first time as others see her, and felt so sick and stunned that for a moment she wanted to die.

But a spirit seized her to make me acquainted with the whole truth of her life, feeling rightly that if I knew the whole truth my judgment would be a very different one; and she sat down with a dictionary to help her so that her spelling might not offend, and wrote me a letter the like of which I have never read before.

HERE, in brief, is the bare narrative of her life. Never wanted as a baby, she was given away as a child by her mother, and at ten years of age was earning a shilling a week as "a little slavey." By some chance, religion came to her, first as a comfort, afterwards as a passion. "I got a passion for serving others," she writes. Another striking sentence is "Religion brought me very submissive." At the age of twenty, "I had spelt my way through the Bible and read up the lives of Bible men. I was famed for such knowledge, often sitting up all night when my daily work was done."

She took to slumming, fell in with a Salvation Army captain, married him, and within a year was both mother and widow. Left to fight the world for herself and her child, she nevertheless continued to work for others, nursing the sick, visiting the poor, comforting the dying and the mourners. Religion was still a passion. At the end of fourteen such years she married a miner who was delicate in health.

The struggle to live was now not quite so severe. She saved £100, with the sole idea of spending it on her daughter's education. All this time nobody guessed that she could scarcely spell. She was loved and respected for her sympathy. She was the friend of many. "My spelling has been a dead secret. I hid it. I used my pen as little as I could, for it was always the dictionary before me for every few words."

THEN came a miners' strike, and the hundred pounds melted away, as much in helping others as in paying her own family expenses. She had the misery of seeing her daughter take to a way of life which, honourable as it is, disappointed all her fondest hopes.

"She is a good, sweet, pure girl, and struggles hard to learn, and is teaching herself Italian, and saving her money to get to Italy. This is where my bitterness comes in, that she, my Flower, should have to grow or live in this atmosphere when all her heart is set on the highest."

A year ago the miner and his wife sold their home. "With the money we bought a caravan. It was my ideal; and we live by the road, just inside a field. After 52 years of toiling and struggling I longed for the moss-green lanes and grasses. The call of the open road was upon me. I wanted the untortured trees and a caravan; but I steal away to miners' rows—their sufferings haunt me."

"AN AMAZING DOCUMENT."

"John Bull," April 12.

"The Masters don't live far away from the Pitts often they know their Houses are rotten tumble down sheds they are called in to see them and us Wife's are told if we are not pleased to quit

"they are publishing loud to the world their risk, but what about a Miners risk every morning when he leaves his Wife and Children he never knows if he is coming home he work less hour's but how many hour's have he to sleep off bad air when he come's home I never see any of these things in the paper

"two mothers died this week in one row, why, because they had no strength to bring their children into the world

"how can a Miner speak if he don't Strike"

Who would have suspected such a story from the first letter? Who would have imagined that those few fierce words of rage and indignation proceeded from a heart on which life has impressed so beautiful a message for mankind? She explains that the first letter was written with no dictionary in front of her, just after a visit to a miners' row in which two poor women had died of weakness in childbed. She now apologises for that letter, and adds these words—need I say how profoundly they have moved me?—

"I appeal to you. Am I quite so bad as I first appeared? I have worked so hard; I have attempted so much. My pleasures have been the dear things of the earth. A golden sunset has lifted me above all earthly troubles; the flowers and birds, my friends and teachers.

"I promise you I will learn to spell, and you shall hear from me in a year's time, and you shall see what I can do. I have a dignity of my own; a clean body, clean clothes, and a hunger for pure and noble thoughts. There is much in my life to be ashamed of; but I'm glad through my ill-spelt words you heard the cry of my heart for these poor women. Can nothing be done to stay a strike?"

LET me mention in this place that I have communicated with this noble woman privately through my agent, and that I have said to her in that communication what I do not care to say in public.

But publicly let me say this. In reading her letter is it not plain that no action by Governments can ever satisfy the human heart? We are not clockwork figures or pieces on a chessboard. Our real life—the life in which we suffer and are happy—is inward and invisible. Let us create by our inward and invisible thoughts a social atmosphere of neighbourliness and co-operation, and we shall be doing more for humanity than any Government can achieve by mechanical enactments.

Observe the beginning of this woman's story: "I was never wanted as a baby, and was given away."

Did the State commit that sin? Could any form of government atone for that crime? Surely it is the individual who sins, and the individual who makes good.

BUT my final reflection on this letter takes me far away from admonition or criticism. Very wonderful is the thought that our blurred, struggling and bewildered democracy numbers among its unnoticed millions hearts so unconquerable and spirits so hungry for beauty and excellence as the heart and spirit of this miner's wife.

in Trousers

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

children, the cheery pursuit of that ideal justice under which all shall have equal chances according to their merit and capacity. Are we more likely to attain these aims by barging at each other like Billingsgate fish-heavers, or by taking counsel together to find the best and fairest way of securing them?

Professor Hearnshaw means well, but he has yet much to learn from the leaders whom he describes as fanatics and bandits. He sees in the industrial "unrest" and conflict a struggle for material advantage. But though it is quite true that the worried mothers of ill-fed, ill-clothed, and unhealthily lodged children crave for the means of a full and healthier existence, the aspiration of the more enlightened "rebels" is rather for advancement of social status and dignity.

Lord Cecil came much nearer to a right conception of the problem when he said that "as we have democratised our political institutions, we have now got to democratise our industrial institutions." The good professor says truly enough that "workers no more want control of industry than privates want control of an army"; but though they may not want to emulate the folly of the Russian Bolsheviks, who ruined their industries by scrapping the experts and captains, they do want the peace-time soldier's assurance of ample rations, his security of service, his manly dignity, his leisure, and, above all, an opportunity of promotion even better than the soldier's.

Dr. F. J. C. Hearnshaw, whose criticisms of Labour Leaders are dealt with here.

If the sensible and decent-minded students of the problem would discuss it with calmness and a genuine desire to find a way, we might speedily allay the discontent that so alarms Professor Hearnshaw, and prevent the strikes which injure and threaten to ruin our trade. But the most serious hindrance to the industrial peace and increased output which are the objects of his propaganda is the publication of such irritating, provocative and silly diatribes as his abuse of the other searchers for a remedy with whom he disagrees.

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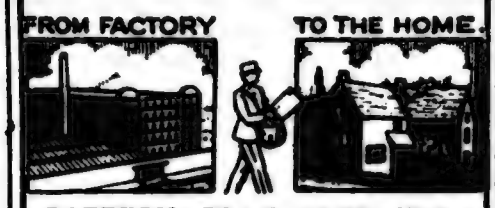

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

LORD KNUTSFORD is the champion beggar of London.

Once every five years he comes out with the statement, "I am a beggar," carefully ignoring the fact that he had been nothing else during the other four. Though his name is a household word, and his correspondence fills more waste-paper baskets than any other in the kingdom, no more is known about him than about the countless recipients of his numberless letters.

He is a veritable master in the art of raising money for charitable objects—mostly, of course, hospitals. An individual who wished to remain anonymous once promised him £80,000 if he could raise another £80,000 for the same purpose. Lord Knutsford, whose ingenious methods can only be likened to the spider's, began to spin his web. Having fixed this spanking fine blue-bottle firmly in the centre to act as a bait, the great work of rounding-up all the kind-hearted little flies within striking distance commenced.

BUT his enthusiasm did not stop here. He even gambled on his chances and bet Mr. Mallaby-Deeley even money that he'd get more than the requisite sum. The other was drawn into the web and said he'd give twenty shillings for every pound that was raised over eighty thousand, up to a limit of ten thousand. The hospitals profited handsomely by their chairman's little flutter. For, knowing all the secrets of the stable, he only bets on certs! And on this occasion he was backing hospital supporters, the depth of whose pockets he knows to the last inch.

HE is, it is needless to say a superb letter-writer. He has taught dozens the art of touching the heart through the medium of a typewriter. At the end of his last begging campaign his friends crowded round him and congratulated him on the fact that he would now be able to take his long-promised rest, having just added over £160,000 to the London Hospitals Fund. But he shook his head sadly. "Alas!" he said, "a beggar I am, and a beggar I must remain."

His only enemies, whom he ceaselessly attacks, are the possessors of fat purses. His real friends, whom he ceaselessly protects, are the inhabitants of the East of London, who lined up in queues at the last appeal to subscribe the trifles they could ill afford.

Like all Englishmen, he loves a gamble, and he started the British Charity Association, which runs competitions for the benefit of the hospitals. His later life has been so bound up in his great work that he has almost ceased to be a man of any notable peculiarities. He has submerged his personality in his work.

Lord Knutsford.

All that remains to be said of him, therefore, is that he is tall, clean-shaven, and, sartorially speaking, one of our smartest peers. He used to be a first-class swimmer, and nearly half a century ago he came fifth in the Long-Distance Championship of England. Nowadays, he is a trifle deaf—to anything, that is, except the chink of a coin in a hospital box!

FINALLY—and most characteristically—he is the proud possessor of a dog that, whenever Lord Knutsford's name is mentioned, sits up and begs!

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Statistical Stunter Charged

by HARRISON OWEN

A CHARGE of contempt of court "in that he did seek to obfuscate and bewilder a Court of Inquiry into the coal-mining industry," was brought against W. A. Lee, secretary of the Mining Association of Great Britain, who pleaded that he was 99.3 per cent. not guilty and could quote 774 pages of statistics in support of his plea.

Mentioning that the charge had arisen out of the presentation of the mine-owners' case at the Mines Inquiry, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that Lord Buckmaster, presiding over the inquiry, had several times to complain of the confusing manner in which statistics intended to support the owners' case were brought forward. Of one set of figures his lordship had remarked: "I defy anyone to do the sum in question with any result at all," and later he had informed the accused that a comparison he had made between wages in the mining industry and in the locally depressed jute industry were unfair.

"Lord Buckmaster," counsel continued, "also took exception to figures quoted by Lee in regard to the wages of railwaymen; so, one way and another, it would seem that in attempting to bolster up the owners' case with a vast mass of statistics which have little or nothing to do with the real points at issue, the accused and his colleagues have done their side less than justice. To produce a complicated array of figures contrasting the wages of miners with those of jute workers is as sensible as it would be for the miners' representatives to compare the coal royalties received by the Duke of Northumberland with the literary royalties earned by the author of "The Mystery of the Bloodstained Beaver."

"What the public wants is hard facts to explain such mysteries as why the price paid by the consumer for Derby Brights is more than twice as high as that charged at the pit, and why Kitchen Nuts are sold by the retailer at nearly three times the pit price. If the accused gave attention to points like these he might be able to show that it is not the mine owner, but the wholesale or retail coal merchant who is profiteering."

FOR the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter said that apparently his learned friend looked upon all statistical comparisons as odious; but the public should know that although men working in the mines receive less than those who shoot coals into the cellars of householders, they are, nevertheless, better paid than some classes of workers. His client's figures had been carefully prepared and it was not Mr. Lee's fault if Lord Buckmaster's arithmetic had become a little rusty.

"I am afraid my arithmetic also must be rusty," commented Mr. Justice Bull, "for I will have to make up a lot of 'Lee'-way before I am able to comprehend some of the figures quoted by the prisoner. I am sure the public does not want the sort of evidence which can only be understood by multiplying one set of figures by another set, subtracting 4785.987 and dividing the result by the change from last week's washing-bill. What the public wants to know is why many miners are so poorly paid and why the consumer is so grossly overcharged, and it is the duty of the prisoner to assist the Court of Inquiry in solving these mysteries. I will sentence him to be kept in custody until he is able to furnish me with a clear exposition of Einstein's theory of relativity written on the back of a postcard."

THOSE BAD LADS!

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

Author of "A Singular People," etc.

THE effect of our long campaign on behalf of the young and first offender is manifest. A new and more humane treatment and understanding is the order of the day. Following on his recent Borstal articles, our contributor tells here of the administration at the Horfield Prison, Bristol.

Captain E. R. EVANS, R.N., whose recent confession that he was once a "bad boy" will interest readers of this article on juvenile delinquents.

NOW that there are definite signs of a new and more humane régime operating the Bortsal system, there is hope for the poor, benighted beggars against whom the hand of Society has been raised. This new movement is the object to which JOHN BULL's years of campaign in the interests of the first offender were directed. It is certainly gratifying to know that the war waged on behalf of the under-dog is being crowned with success.

The problem of the criminal is now in process of being solved. Criminals could be roughly sorted into two categories. There is the "habitual," who is capable of knowing neither cure nor prevention—the crime-germ has got well under his skin, his moral sense is fundamentally warped, and to do wrong is instinctive, easy, and natural.

THERE is also the person who has stumbled on to the path that leads from the police court to the prison cell—the young man or woman whose criminality is really alien to their inborn nature, and whose act of wrong-doing was the result either of some sudden and abnormal impulse or of the desperation born of the fearsome pressure of adverse circumstances.

In the bad black days of the past this discrimination was not effected—magistrates and others failed to notice any line of demarcation between the fundamental and the "accidental" criminal. But we have succeeded in defining clearly the two categories, with the result that wise and humane treatment is now being directed by some penal officials towards wooing and weaning the "accidental" criminal back to the paths of straight living.

MOST of the London magistrates are now preaching this doctrine of humanitarianism: many of them are practising it. Sir Robert Wallace, Chairman of the London Sessions, has long believed that true justice is tempered with mercy, while Sir Wemyss Grant-Wilson, who is responsible for the future of the wayward lad, is also lifting his voice against the old system of harsh treatment. Another powerful adherent to the humane doctrine is Mr. John Felmingham, the Governor of Horfield Prison, Bristol.

"I am convinced," he says, "that a great many people go to prison who might be kept out. We never send a boy out of Horfield unless he has a decent job or home to go to."

Basing one's opinion on the usual run of veteran prison-officials, one might have expected to find Mr. Felmingham to have had his heart hardened by his thirty-eight years' work as a prison official. But his heart is with the bottom dog.

And there is a happy significance in Mr. Felmingham's statement in view of the fact that he is in charge of a collecting prison for boys under twenty-one years of age. It means that the young (and, therefore, usually the first) offender is under the control of a man whose heart is still warm and whose sympathy is still with the frailities of human nature.

IT does not follow that life at Horfield will become soft or easy—wrong-doing *must* be punished—but it certainly means that at Horfield young offenders will appreciate the fact that it is better to live straight than crooked; that the hands of all men are not turned against them, but that there are people anxious to help them back to the sweet life of their earlier right-doing.

Many a confirmed jail-bird is such because his first term of imprisonment was served under a "catch 'em-young-and-treat-'em-rough," governor. What chance has a first offender with such a martinet?

Another aspect of the criminal problem which is being tackled by

MR. JOHN FELMINGHAM, Governor of Horfield, speaking of the efforts made by JOHN BULL in the interests of the "broken earthenware" of humanity, said: "Your endeavours on behalf of the bottom dog and the unfortunates who wander in and out of prison and other institutions have my admiration and sympathy, and I wish you all success."

Mr. Felmingham is the after-prison life of the lads who have been placed in his charge at Horfield. The "old school" of governor and penal official considered that their responsibility to the prisoners under their control ended when they signed the discharge certificate. They were content to leave the poor devil of a discharged man to fend for himself.

THIS meant that, with every door closed against him, the discharged man soon violated the law again and was back in prison. Hard life inside and hard life outside jail soon convinced him that there was no prospect of going straight, and thus he was a ready recruit to the army of habitual criminals that the inhuman prison system was creating.

For Mr. Felmingham there is a much better way of handling the human failures that have been committed to his care. Each prisoner is a man and as such has a soul, and in Mr. Felmingham's eyes all human souls have equal value.

THE success of Mr. Felmingham's humane policy is absolutely dependent on the good will of the employing class outside and their co-operation with the officials within the institution. This noble and divine task of human reconstruction—the piecing together of broken earthenware so that they can become useful vessels again—can only be accomplished if big-hearted employers will line up with big-hearted officials and say: "You have done your best to save this prisoner—I will do my best to provide him with the opportunity to work out his own salvation."

"If I had a home or somebody could offer me work, I could be released next week," a boy-prisoner tearfully told me. And he is typical of hundreds of young lads who, not infected with the crime-germ, have within them potentialities of great good and of useful service to the community. The future of these lads depends on the good will of compassionate employers.

THAT "Satan finds mischief for idle hands" is an axiom full of truth, especially where young lads, full of energy and love of adventure, are concerned. And so Mr. Felmingham sees to it that pleasant, honest work occupies the mind and the time of the young prisoners at Horfield—it is honest work that he endeavours to secure for them when the big gates clang behind them.

"Some lads come here with a dread of the governor," Mr. Felmingham says; "they imagine him to be a personage who deals out periodical whacks with an iron bar." This dread has been justified by the methods of many of the "old school."

But Mr. Felmingham removes it from the mind of every lad who goes to Horfield by having a timely heart-to-heart talk with him on his arrival. First impressions count; the boys at Horfield early learn that the governor believes in them and has hopes for their future. This realisation spells salvation to hundreds.

Then follows a period not of demoralising isolation or dehumanising severity. The lad finds he has no time to brood over the past or to dread the future—his days are full: the governor makes his charges embrace the Gospel of Hard Work.

THIS accomplishes many purposes at once. First of all it does not segregate the lads—surely the most foolish as well as the most cruel and coarse treatment ever devised. They work together as they would in an ordinary workshop. Then the habit of disciplined work is cultivated.

No employer is going to tolerate a lad who is unable to stick to his job. Furthermore, each lad is offered the trade he is used to or desires to learn. His physique, his mentality, his temperament are all taken into account. They are no longer regarded as moulds—or chips from the same block. The science of psychology is brought into play.

IT should be stated as clearly as possible, for it is of vital importance, that *not sufficient work is available either to boys in institutions or to men in prisons.* And in this connection organised labour could be a help.

It is not asked to sacrifice any trade union principle—"we don't want to compete with outside work," a prison governor has said—but the unions could easily come to some arrangement by which the time and energy of prisoners could be utilised in really constructive work. Perhaps members of the present Ministerial Party would give this matter their earnest attention.

Here is a remarkable instance of a boy who was brought to Horfield in a shocking condition. He had existed for twelve days on a few odd crusts, and having at last stolen a ten-shilling note, on which he proceeded to have a high old time, he found himself in the arms of the law. An absolute derelict, a creature of adverse circumstances or of a heartless society.

The magistrate sent him to Horfield. Here he was set to gardening, and in a short time he picked up wonderfully. "You would hardly have recognised him," said the governor. "Regular work, discipline and care made a man of him."

ON the whole the amenities enjoyed by the Horfield lads proceed along the lines of those enjoyed at modern Borstal. Concerts and lantern lectures and choir practices under a lady organist are given periodically. Here again the authorities are in a measure dependent upon outside help. It is only within recent times that these events have been made a matter of definite routine rather than of occasional privilege.

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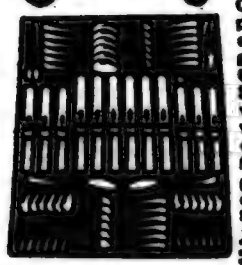

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Chum or Career

"WHEN bored for lack of occupation some months ago, an acquaintance, the overworked manageress of a business, took me on as her unpaid assistant. After she had taught me the work she managed to get me placed on the firm's pay-roll at a small salary.

"The managing director of the business has just told me privately that he intends to dismiss the manageress and appoint me in her stead at a slightly lower figure than that which she receives.

"I love my work, and do not wish to leave it, although I am not dependent on it. The manageress, has, I know, a mother to support, and is entirely dependent on her earnings. Ought I to accept the tempting offer of her post?"

"Humanist" says:—*Business is business; and you have a right to promotion which comes to you honourably. You cannot prevent the firm dismissing the manageress, and if you don't take the job somebody else may. But as you are apparently well off, it is your duty, in the circumstances, to help the manageress till she gets another job.*

Platonic Friends

"SINCE the time our three children were born my wife and I have always been limited by our means, for even after the post-war increases in salaries, my clerk's job brings me in only £3 a week, and now when our family are arriving at that stage when their upkeep and education make greater demands on the purse, the efforts to give them a good chance in life are becoming doubly hard.

"My wife is only thirty-three years of age and retains the charm of manner and outward appearance which endeared herself to everyone when we were engaged. Six months ago we became friendly with a wealthy bachelor of forty-five, a retired sugar planter of Guiana, and he has become undoubtedly fascinated by her personality and is always eager to seek her company.

"When I am at business he calls at our home and takes her for outings which otherwise she would be denied, and the pleasure he derives from these jaunts has caused him to proffer gifts of jewellery and sums of money which the force of our circumstances have tempted her to accept.

"My friends call me a fool for allowing this friendship to go on, but as I have implicit faith in my wife and am so very anxious that our kiddies should get the opportunity of prolonged schooling, I am loth to kill, as it were, the goose that lays the golden eggs. Their advice has become so pressing that I have decided to ask you what you think of the matter."

"Humanist" says: *It is unusual, but not therefore reprehensible. You are the best judge as to whether your wife is faithful and your friend honourable. Your wife makes no concealment, which is significant, and if you and she have confidence in each other, this association is a matter for you and her—and certainly not for outsiders. I am assuming that you are not a fool.*

Family Politics

"WHEN I attended the University I came into contact with young undergraduate friends who had espoused the tenets of the Labour Party, with the result that my old beliefs were revised and I became a convert to their way of thinking.

"My father is a baronet of an old Midland family, who, as a whole, regards the new political party with abhorrence, and his fanatical adherence to his old faith made him almost cast me off when I took so mild a step as to stand as Labour candidate in the mock election of my student days.

"It is three years since I finished my studies, and during that time, unknown to my relatives, I have been associated with the Labour movement in a big industrial town ten miles from our home.

"The party leaders now propose that at the next election I shall contest the seat as their candidate, but as I hate trouble at home I do not know whether to accept or not. Which should I put first, family concord or political belief?"

"Humanist" says:—*The fact that you ask the question answers it—stick to family concord. No party will build itself up on people who are not quite sure whether they should devote themselves to serving the country or to avoiding domestic disapproval. If you go into a fight, take your coat off—and don't look back at the family tree.*

Stolen Jewels

"I HAVE been living for more than a year as a paying guest with some very dear friends, who have been extremely kind to me. About six months ago I was suddenly called away to the bedside of a sick relative, and during my absence I carelessly left my jewellery in an unlocked drawer.

"On my return I found that one of my rings, a valuable diamond one, had disappeared. Feeling that this loss was my own fault, and not wishing to distress my friends, I said nothing about it. A few days ago I saw in the window of a local dealer in second-hand jewellery a ring strikingly like my own. An examination confirmed my belief that it was my missing property.

"I resolved to communicate my suspicions at once to the police, and asked the shop-keeper to reserve the ring for me for a few days. I gave my address as c.o. Mrs. X., whereupon the shopman exclaimed in amazement: 'Why, it was Mrs. X. herself who sold me the ring a few days ago!'

"What ought I to do? I do not want to deal harshly with my friend, not only for her own sake but for that of her family. Yet it seems to me to be wrong to allow dishonest persons to go unpunished, not to mention the expense to myself of having to buy my own ring back again."

"Humanist" says:—*The woman is a thief—for all her friendliness to you. You have a duty to society to see that a thief so brazen and treacherous is punished. She may treat somebody else the same way. But perhaps you will punish her sufficiently by taxing her with her theft and making her restore the ring. If you think such a lesson will cure her, give her the benefit of what is presumably a first offence. Then leave her house.*

A Baby of Colour

"TEN years ago I was English governess to a French family in the West Indies. I was desperately lonely, and I met and married a negro who had been to England and was a fully qualified doctor.

"My life was dreadful—but it is not of that I wish to write. After five years he deserted me and I do not wish to trace him. I have a little girl of three—the dearest, sweetest little mite—but very obviously her father's child. The white residents on the Islands paid my passage home, as I thought I should get sympathy and a fresh start at home.

"Now I find that my parents will not have me, and my brothers and sisters behave as though I were a thief—or worse. I could get work, but not with baby. I could be a deserted wife and get lots of sympathy, but the minute they see baby they despise her. I have tried hard to find someone to take her to board, but they treat her as though she was a leper, and I do not know what to do.

"I am staying here with a school friend, but she is poor and has three small children. I cannot stay indefinitely. Please help me to find a way out if you can."

"Humanist" says:—*I am very sorry for you—another victim of the craze of some white women for black men. I may be able to help you to find a home for the poor child, ill-starred from birth, and I hope you will then be able to provide for yourself. I publish your letter as a warning to other women who, like you, may not appreciate the real danger of these mixed marriages.*

Holiday Friends.

"A friend of mine wishes to accompany me on my holiday to Brighton. I don't want him. How can I drop him?"

Tell him you have made arrangements to go alone. If he is your friend, he will agree. If he doesn't he is no longer your friend and there is no problem.

Kindly Souls.

"I am a war-widow with a house of my own and would like to help the "unmarried mother" mentioned in your column.

Many thanks. The kindness of JOHN BULL *readers is unfailing. The girl has now been provided for.*

Love Comes Back.

"I lost my leg in a colliery accident, and my girl turned me down. I have found another girl, and the first love has come and begged to be forgiven. I love the first."

Tell the second what you have told me—and no doubt she will let you marry the first. I hope the repentance for ungenerous conduct is sincere.

A Mute Novelist.

"My brother, a barrister in India, wishes to come home and become a novelist. He has not written a novel, but is confident that he can."

Perhaps he can. But why not let him write one where he is, and find out. Why leave a profession where industry tells for one which demands the rare gift of inspiration—without being sure you have it?

The Bully Boss.

The head of my Civil Service department wants me to buy his son's motor-bike at much more than it is worth. If I refuse, he can ruin my prospects."

Refuse. There are some things real men won't stand—one of them is being bullied. You are not defenceless if he tries to get you dismissed for nothing—if you have sense enough to get written evidence of the suggested deal.

Temptation.

"A friend of mine has just been appointed manager of a firm. He has a typist. I am a typist, out of work for a year, and he is under obligations to me. Should I ask him to make me his secretary?"

No. Paddle your own canoe. Get a job where there is a vacancy, not by undermining someone who has done you no harm. There is no disgrace in being out of work. There is in being a sneak and thief.

Careless Typist.

"I have lost ten pages of the manuscript of a novel I am typing for a well-known man of letters, now abroad. To tell him now will bring him home: to postpone telling him may spoil the market for his book, owing to delay. What should I do?"

Write and tell him at once. It is for him to decide—why should you? Perhaps he can rewrite the missing pages and post them on.

The Doctor's Bill.

"My doctor ordered an operation on my father for malignant tumour. No tumour was found, and my father died. Now I have to pay a bill of over a hundred guineas. Is it fair?

If the doctor, acting reasonably and prudently, believed that the symptoms were cancer, it was not professional misconduct to suggest an operation. Therefore, you must pay. Why did you not have another opinion before an operation?

An Uncontrollable Child.

"My little boy, aged seven, is addicted to theft, possesses mad obsessions for burning chairs, and is up to all kinds of dangerous mischief. I can do nothing with him, and am advised to put him away. Is there any other means to overcome this difficulty?"

It is really a matter for a doctor to say if the boy is mentally deficient. But patience and vigilance can do much in cases like this. Take advice from an experienced mother and give the chita another chance before shifting your responsibility.

Words Winged to Women

Flappers on Trial

by MABEL HORNER

WE live in new times. We live so quickly that epoch-making proposals may crystallise into facts, and no one turns a hair except the few furious old gentlemen already engaged in tearing theirs.

Merely because it is proposed to give all properly qualified women of twenty-one the vote! This new Franchise Bill, if passed, places a further four and a half million women upon the parliamentary register. It means that women voters will outnumber men by half a million.

The Bill aims at removing the last sex disqualification under which women suffer. It gives them the vote on the same terms as men. At present, no matter how clever the woman, let her at college or business outdistance all her male competitors, she must reach the ripe age of thirty before she is allowed to cast a vote.

A man, no matter how much of a fool, is enfranchised as a matter of course at twenty-one.

"But," shriek the elderly and enraged objectors, "is that a reason for enfranchising nearly all the country's 1,148,698 domestic servants?"

WELL, yes. And also the country's thousands of women clerks and tens of thousands of women industrial workers as well as the younger generation of married women and housewives, if these are subject to the country's laws, and liable to pay the country's taxes.

The truth is that neither sex, at twenty-one, is very sage nor very wise, but it has what age too often lacks—energy and enthusiasm.

If women of maturer years can interest their younger sisters in the great game of politics, if they can demonstrate to them how closely that thing called politics touches life at its most vital points—the regulation of hours and wages, the provision of houses, the prices of food and clothes—this new Bill will mark a great step forward. It may even rouse the youths of twenty-one to appreciate the dignity and responsibility of the vote for which they never asked, but which, willy-nilly, they had thrust upon them.

Women, and young women especially, are the idealistic sex. 'Tis the younger women who are for ever seeking romance, and who so tragically often fail to find it in the hard, drab world of to-day. Yet—it is through political machinery, working constitutionally and harmoniously, that a brighter world for women and little children, will come into being.

The women who have clamoured for this extension of the vote must teach the younger women these things. Otherwise the greybeards will be entirely justified in their disgust.

THE mere placing of numbers on a parliamentary register is a useless move unless the new electorate be educated. Enfranchised women alone can teach the girls. It is up to these women to make domestic politics thrill with living interest. Get the girls to lively meetings instead of leaving them aimlessly to drift about the streets. Show them how through political action the very face of England can be altered, can be made to laugh with life and prosperity instead of being left to die of unemployment and misery.

Teach the girls that only through the working of politics can those trim little homes of which they dream come into being. Show them the connection between the parliamentary machine and the conditions, good or bad, under which they work and play and eat and live.

This is enfranchised women's work. See to it, women, that you do it. It may be that through a new and fragrant league of youth some of our greatest problems will be solved.

Sheep that Go Astray

ARE you one of the thousands of people who lie awake at nights, longing for the precious sleep that does not come? Do you toss restlessly throughout the long hours and watch, tired-eyed, for the finger of dawn that will bring a new day?

Or do you count endless sheep leaping over an eternal stile while you seek slumber?

Nothing happens without cause. There is a reason for your insomnia, for your restless and troubled mind. It may be that some poignant grief has pierced to your heart and made worldly things unbearable. Then only cold night sees the grim struggles and only Time can be of aid.

BUT in the majority of cases sleeplessness is caused by worry over the small daily things that loom so big on one's horizon. They are always there—have always been there. And we are getting used to the thought that they will always be with us.

Yet they need not.

Half your worries can be cleared away to-day! Maybe *all* of them!

Why lie awake at nights solving problems that can be solved for you? Why not bring your worries to us? Write to JOHN BULL about them.

FOR *your* benefit, and for the benefit of the many others who lie counting sheep at night, there exists our FREE ADVICE SERVICE, a service that is making friends for us all over the country.

It does not matter what your problem is—Finance, Business, Domestic, Babies, Law, Pensions, Sport, Wireless, Ex-Service, etc.—we have a staff of experts ready to help you.

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Such a service is unique in journalism. It is open to all readers of our great paper. It is free to *you*!

Write to JOHN BULL about your problems and worries. Forget those awful sheep and that beastly stile! Stop murmuring "ninety-nine," and you may go gaily on to a hundred!

And watch through happy eyes the rosy dawn steal into an untroubled sky.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

When other men have played the hen,
They've failed to hatch the chick.
They may have tried—that's not denied,
But Snowden's done the trick.

We know they tried the facts to hide
And self-applied the gag,
But when the Court makes its report
We'll know who gets the "swag."

"To help redress their war distress,
I can't be put about.
But sometime when it's over then
I'll jump right in an' shout."

Tho' small in size wee David cries
"If he our will defieth.
With stone and sling, I yet may bring
To earth this new Goliath."

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THE WINNER OF

Verdict, one of the Unlucky Horses in the City and

THE Kempton Jubilee is one of the very few races which is hardly ever won by a bad horse. One habitually turns to the top of the handicap for the winner, and there he usually is. A comparatively small field for the big race is almost inevitable, but we all prefer quality to quantity, and the Jubilee is too distinguished an event to be contested by the ragtag and bobtail of handicappers. I like to visualise the race as the prerogative of the top-class performers.

Twelve Pointer's Chance.

Nowadays the Jubilee has a second acceptance, and this very probably has further depleted the number of horses left in when the first forfeit was due. Then the Stockbridge stable still had four representatives, Twelve Pointer, Hurry Off, Karl and Chosroes. If the first-named is the selected he will be one of the first three favourites when the S.P. is returned. The best judges all along ridiculed Twelve Pointer as a serious City and Suburban proposition, seeing an animal rather long in the leg, as the Duke of Westminster's colt is, runs at Epsom at a disadvantage.

At the same time Twelve Pointer is not an ideal Jubilee horse. A similar type was Poisoned Arrow, whom we saw beaten in his first handicap at Kempton because he could not gallop round the bend and keep balanced. Last season he did win over the course, but circumstances contributed to his victory.

Unlucky in All the Classics.

In none of his classic races last year was Twelve Pointer placed, but in every case there was an excuse for him. With an equal start he would just about have won the Guineas; he went to the post for the Derby unfit and yet ran better than others; and he found the St. Leger distance too far for him. At ten to eleven furlongs at Doncaster Carslake had Twelve Pointer on the rails, and in the lead, but the colt snuffed out in another fifty yards.

Twelve Pointer should, then, in the Jubilee, be racing over his best distance, and if I see him among the leaders at the bend, and Carslake keeps his mount balanced—if he can't nobody can—I can see Twelve Pointer's long stride carrying him towards the judge with few in a position to challenge.

The Career of Parth.

Parth's classic record was as barren of success as that of Twelve Pointer, and it had its differences. In the Guineas Parth ran like a non-stayer, in the Derby like a colt with the full amount of stamina, but in the St. Leger left one further confused.

Perhaps his jockey challenged Papyrus a little too early, but, even so, Parth was done with almost as soon as he got to within a length of the leader. In fact, there is nothing in Parth's career which assists one in arriving at his best distance. His trainer should know it, and it may be that it is ten furlongs, but I do not accept Parth as reliable.

With everything else equal, Twelve Pointer will, I think, beat Parth in the Jubilee; anyway, there is nothing to justify the handicapper's preference for Parth to the extent of 5 lbs.

Evander May Run.

Evander has only a small penalty, so will probably be allowed to run. There is no reason why he should not do so, as he will not get any weight off in his next engagements by missing this one. But I have no fancy for Evander. At last he may be at his best, but he should not beat top-class four-year-olds at what practically is weight-for-age.

Simon Pure Will Win Later On.

Simon Pure in the Jubilee finished level with Diligence, the pair a lucky foot in front of Condover. Then Simon Pure broke down altogether in the Ascot Gold Cup and he has not run since. Sadler, however, has the five-year-old all right again, and I hear he went in his old style in a recent gallop. He may overcome his long absence from the course, but I shall expect Simon Pure to win again later on.

Ellangowan is a Good One.

Ellangowan seems to me to possess a chance about equal to that of Twelve Pointer and Parth. He beat them in the Guineas, and while both finished in front of him at Epsom and Doncaster, in the St. Leger, Ellangowan went a great gallop until the bend into the straight, and evidently he is a colt with plenty of dash when caught at his best.

The trainer of Ellangowan of course is also represented by Soldumeno, but indications are that the latter will be exploited elsewhere.

Two Good Winners for the Code.

My code selections are more than holding their own, and I hope, when form has settled down, to send out a succession of winners.

On the first day at Sandown I nearly brought off a glorious double. My first selection, Cockpit, won at 100 to 15. Anitra's Dance, my other tip, was second at 11 to 4.

On the second day Great Barrier, 5 to 1, was another splendid success.

City and Suburban Failures.

To come to the "City" failures whom we are sure to see again at Kempton, Pharos and Verdict stand out. The former has grown and thickened a lot since his three-year-old days, but whether he would have won at Epsom had he not been kicked at the post is another matter. The late operations in the market suggested this would not be the case, but the opposition to Pharos chiefly arose from the state of the going. The City course was equivalent to a mile and a half last week, and ten furlongs on good going is Pharos' limit. And the conditions are not likely to be much better at Kempton than they were at Epsom.

Verdict conceded the "City" some ground at the start and did not quite make it up. Lord Coventry's filly has retained that perfect action of hers, and considering that she has not too much stamina, her Epsom performance was a fine Jubilee trial, and there is no reason for anyone to suppose Pharos will beat her.

Brownhylda looked a good bit fitter at Epsom than at Newbury, and she will win a good race in the early summer. I do not, however, like her chance for the Jubilee, as she has not the speed to keep a good place.

Verdict Should Win.

Kefalin, I believe, has not been doing too well lately. In any case I think that this time we have the material to stop another French success. Anyway, in Verdict, Ellangowan and Twelve Pointer (provided the latter does not in the meantine run in and win the Victoria Cup), we have three at least that will take all the beating Kefalin can hand out, and if he or anything else beats Verdict, I shall be disappointed.

HORSES TO FOLLOW:

Humpty Dumpty.—This seven-year-old does not improve with age, but he is quite capable of winning a mile selling handicap, and Stanley Wootton will soon place him to advantage. Cottrill, who trained Humpty Dumpty last year, had a high opinion of the horse and on one occasion he sent him to France, when he ran fifth to Epinard.

Ulva Ferry.—Was heavily backed to beat Live Wire at Alexandra Park, but he was up against a good one. Ulva Ferry is by that fine stayer, Junior. He will win a mile handicap probably next time out.

Palmette.—One of the unluckiest losers of the season on her first outing. Jellis could not keep the filly straight at Newmarket and she lost by a head and a short head. She is a certain winner in second-rate company.

Plack.—Giving lumps of weight away all round, Lord Rosebery's filly ran third to my code selection Brig o' Doon. It was a fine performance, and she will probably win the One Thousand Guineas next week.

Belsize.—Literally romped away with the Banstead Selling Plate at Epsom. Belsize likes soft going, and is trained by Bennett, who specialises in mile selling handicaps. He won again at Sandown. Go on backing the horse.

Spalpeen.—This son of Tracery is one of the best-looking three-year-olds I have seen this year. He easily beat the odds-on favourite Great Barrier, and he is the best outsider for the Two Thousand Guineas.

Scherzo.—Ran last year as the Musical Ride colt. He beat a good field of sprinters at Epsom, and should be followed consistently.

Gallipoli Filly.—Stanley Wootton paid 310 guineas for this one after she had won at Windsor. She was beaten at Alexandra Park by Cream o' th' Sky Filly, and Wootton bought the latter. He will win races with both these fillies.

Miss Connie.—Vasey trains a very consistent filly in this three-year-old, and she invariably wins at a nice price. Her victory at Catterick Bridge was easily gained.

Russian Eagle.—Has won both his races this season. His last victory was at the expense of Swagman, who won by eight lengths at Alexandra Park, and other useful animals. Russian Eagle is a son of that good old horse White Eagle. Back him every time he runs.

Bengal.—Put up a very fine performance in the Great Surrey Handicap. This is one of Hogg's horses, and he is pretty sure to run up a sequence of wins.

Peter Pax.—There is no telling how good Peter Pax is. He won several races over the sticks and is winning them just as easily on the flat. He was supposed to be ungenerous. This is not the case now.

True Knight.—Won easily in the hands of Donoghue at Epsom. Will do so again.

Winifred Price.—This is one to follow in the North. She always pops up at a nice price.

THE JUBILEE

Suburban, should Capture the Big Race

The Victoria Cup.

Top Gallant, carrying 7 st. 13 lb., won the Victoria Cup last year and he will be backed to bring off the double. In view of his amazing victory at Newmarket under 10 st., I expect him to start favourite.

There are a dozen or more horses in the race who look well in, but I am going for one of last year's failures, which I know is being backed.

The horse is Duncan Gray. The information has reached me from the same quarter as Master Robert.

Duncan Gray did badly last year, but as a two-year-old he won all his races. In one of them he beat Scyphius at level weights over six furlongs. Top Gallant, receiving 7 lb., was fourth. On Saturday Top Gallant gives Duncan Gray 20 lb. Some difference!

The Wonder Filly.

All sorts of rumours have been noised abroad concerning the Aga Khan's flying filly, Mumtaz Mahal. According to her owner she is wonderfully well and will run in the One Thousand Guineas. She will have a hard task to beat Plack.

After the Cheshire Cheese.

Captain Hogg's horses are rapidly finding their form, and I understand that the Russley trainer hopes to lift one of the famous Cheshire cheeses with Scullion. The son of Junior is a good one. He won three out of five races last year. He should be at a nice price for an each-way bet.

Ex-Jockey's New Post.

I notice that Otto Madden has been nominated churchwarden of St. Agnes' Church, Newmarket, in place of the late Mr. Martin Gurry.

Otto Madden was a splendid jockey in his time, and I remember seeing him ride Jeddah to victory in the sensational Derby of 1898.

Jeddah, the property of the late Mr. Larnach, M.P., started at 100 to 1, and was left twenty lengths. I had a few shillings on the long shot at thirty-threes with a bookie at Tattenham Corner. He told me that mine was his only bet laid against the horse.

Backing First and Second Favourites.

Many punters who cannot devote much time to studying the Form Book chance their arm by following first or second favourites. It is not a paying game in the long run, and so far this season it has not worked at all well.

From March 24 to April 24, taking the principal meeting each day where more than one occurred, I find that the longest winning sequence for first favourites was three, and second favourites four. The longest losing sequence for first favourites was seven and second favourites eighteen.

There is no fortune to be made this way.

A Stable to Follow.

I have received a number of letters asking me to recommend a stable to be followed during the flat race season. This is also not a profitable game as a rule, but I think it can be made worth while if one follows the small stable.

The stable I have in mind is Easterbee's, at Stockbridge. Easterbee has sixteen horses in his charge, and the best of them is Purple Shade. The rest are mostly commoners, but they are "placed" so cleverly that most of them will win in their turn.

The ring bookmakers could never pronounce the oddly-named beast and they always offered "ten to one the funny one!"

The Speed Judge.

G. Pellerin, the well-known cross-country jockey, was summoned the other day for riding a motor-cycle at a dangerous speed. The policeman said he was travelling over twenty miles an hour, but Pellerin's solicitor argued that as his client was riding horses every day he was a better judge of speed than the constable.

The judge dismissed the case.

Naming Racehorses.

Atirovaf, Dope, Erehwemos, No Don't, Weedidit, are a few names of horses which recently caught my eye in the "Book of Form." They are not very happy inspirations.

The prevailing idea when naming a horse seems to be to find something which bears a resemblance to that of its sire or dam. Day, at Arundel, trains a three-year-old by Bethlehem—Joy Day. Christmas Day was an excellent choice in this case. Talking of names, always reminds me of the sprinter Chihuahua, who died some years ago.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Newmarket—Wednesday:
PARMENIO, COVENTRY

Thursday,
LAMB'S LAUGH, TOYBRIDGE.

Friday,
PLACK, PHUSLA.

Hurst Park—Saturday,
DUNCAN GRAY, HARD BATTLE.

PADDOCK PARS.

Thwaites, the North country jockey, did not ride his first winner until the 29th of April.

* * *

Live Wire won his race at A.P. by six lengths. This in spite of the fact that Tommy Weston lost an iron.

* * *

Lord Derby's treble was Sierra Leone, Pharos and Torlonia. The latter runs for the Victoria Cup, but is not expected to beat Top Gallant or Duncan Gray.

* * *

Lord Woolavington, the owner of Tom Pinch and Captain Cuttle, is back in England. He met with a bad accident at Madeira, when he slipped on a mat and badly injured his thigh. He hopes to see the Derby.

* * *

On City and Suburban day young McLachlan rode Peter Pax—No. 13 on the card—to victory in the 2.40 race. Ulula, his mount in the big race following, was also No. 13.

* * *

Sir Gallahad is expected here for Ascot.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle, and *Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).*

A 2 O Z H C F T 3 L M U P S

K J Y B D E G Q N I X W R V

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

R D K P Y V would read PHAROS.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from May 7 to May 13, inclusive.

The Baron of 'Sunday News' says: 'No wonder their Telegraphic Address is GENEROUS'

WHITE FISHER & CO
144 m West Regent St. GLASGOW
Always at Your Service.

RACING.

FREE 10/- WAGERS
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DERBY & HUNT CUP

ANY TWO HORSES AT FULL MARKET PRICES TO ALL CLIENTS OPENING A WEEKLY ACCOUNT WITH US.

Write at once for fullest particulars.

(PLACE MONEY, 5, 6 or 7 RUNNERS)
WE NEVER QUIBBLE
ESTABLISHED 28 YEARS.

A. H. WESTWOOD,
YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH
(The "own name" man and sole proprietor of the business founded over THIRTY years ago),
is giving existing and prospective clients an opportunity of winning

£50,000
IT WILL COST THEM
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING
and the money must be won.

He requests interested gentlemen to apply for particulars and courts every enquiry.

The result will be published not later than June 7

ABSOLUTELY NO LIMIT
At **STARTING PRICE.**
PLACE BETTING
On all Races with FIVE or More Runners

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54, GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.
Member of Principal London Sporting Clubs.
ESTABLISHED 32 YEARS.

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SPORTING LIFE, Feb. 2nd, 1924.

LETTERS
time-postmarked (not in code) up to advertised time of Race (Registers 15 minutes). All Letters are answered win or lose by return. All Postage Paid.
S.P. Place Bets one-third the odds: 1-2 if 5, 6, or 7 runners.
Special Credit Accounts. (No references required.)

Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee, please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened. No Representatives on Racecourses or elsewhere.

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BET WITH THE BIG TWO.
DAVID COPE
ALFRED H. MAURICE,
25, North Albion St., GLASGOW.

THE PEOPLE says: . . . a firm of undoubted financial standing."
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LETTER COMMISSIONS.
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For Credit Accounts only apply to:—
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Send for Price List on future events.

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It's hardly credible—the astonishing way your luck improves as soon as you possess a Ju-Ju famous Nigerian Mascot. Read these letters:—
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"My luck changed the same day we got it." E. M., Fulham.
"Everything I have touched prospered." G. C., Glasgow.
Say good-bye to ill-fortune. Wear Ju-Ju, and win Fortune's smile.
These are typical of thousands who have said "good-bye" to ill-luck since wearing a Ju-Ju Charm.
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9ct. Gold, £1 } free.
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FINEST GRAMO-PHONE VALUE IN THE WORLD.
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I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES on 14 days approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.
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The improved double warp weave in 50 exquisite shades, with a deep pile fast to rubbing and every inch guaranteed.

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The best you can buy at the price and of unchanging quality always.

Gingham (32 ins.) in over 100 designs & colourings			1/-
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Dress and Costume Cloths - -	(36 ins.)	{shades}	1/-
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Nainsook - -	(40 ,,)	,, -	1s

Mirrorlustre (32 ins.) For the delightful Lingerie in beautiful colourings—a fabric that looks like silk - - - - - 1s

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BEAUTY AND CHARM.

Well-defined eyebrows create the beauty and expression of your face and beautify the eyes. Our specially prepared Eyebrow Food feeds and nourishes and makes them thick and shapely. Try one tube—sent post free, in plain cover, for 2/-.

Woman's Charm is the sweet fragrance of a sweet disposition, harmonising with the sweet fragrance of personal daintiness. Our Preparation preserves this by always keeping the arm-pits sweet and dry. Try one bottle—post free in plain cover for 2/-. THE MODERN HYGIENE CO., 15, Paradise Street, LIVERPOOL.

JUNO BABY CARS

Give Baby Comfort

FROM 1/10 WEEKLY

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Secure a magnificent British-made "JUNO," sent carriage paid on approval. Guaranteed by our 45 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for FREE LISTS NOW! (Dept. D8), Metropolitan Machinists Co. Ltd., 188 & 242, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

Our Letter Parliament

Can Consumption be Cured?

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

Spahlinger Forgotten.

Your article respecting consumption is very opportune, and it is a surprising thing how this consumption cure of Spahlinger's seems to be a forgotten thing by the responsible authorities. No doubt the "scourge" keeps the death rate of these Isles well up in figures, so well that it should not pass unnoticed by the Health Ministry, which must protect the country's health. Combating this disease is as important as the housing question, and what a brilliant chance for the Health Minister in attempting to deal with these two great evils.—"*Concerned*," *Chorlton*.

Work of Salvation.

It is amazing that nothing should have been done by any responsible government to test the great claims of the young Swiss, Spahlinger, regarding his cure for consumption. As you point out, thousands of people are dying yearly in the British Isles, and if their deaths could be prevented surely no sum of money would be deemed too great for such a work of salvation. The country is with you in your urge that Britain at least should give Spahlinger a chance to prove his claims.—*L. Peters, Greenock*.

Fair Test Necessary.

I earnestly hope that before public money is spent on the Spahlinger system of treatment that a fair and proper trial of it will be made, and a public trial in which the opponents of sera treatments will be heard. The public have to pay for these things and the public should know all that can be said, for and against. I trust JOHN BULL will continue its good work by looking after the people's interest in this direction.—*A. J. Marriott, Reading*.

Stamp it Out!

A gigantic effort is needed to stamp out the dread disease of consumption. There should be a world campaign to exterminate it. Thousands of the poor working people suffer from the terrible scourge, toiling long hours, spreading the hideous plague as they go. What is life to these poor wretches? They can have no hope—no happiness. Poverty is a big enough handicap to them, but without health, they haven't a dog's chance.—*G. Blake, Taunton*.

Readers Can Help!

Your leading article on the case of Dr. Spahlinger is splendid, and many sufferers like myself must be very grateful to you for it. You have done your part; will every reader of JOHN BULL do his, and so ensure the prompt adoption of your proposals? By writing to his M.P.—even if it is only a postcard—asking him to demand immediate action, this treatment—proved to be a cure by every scientific body that has investigated it—would be soon available for every sufferer, and JOHN BULL and its readers would have reason to be proud.—"*A Sufferer*."

Lives or Airships?

It is about time that Great Britain did something in the way of a remedy for consumption, considering the thousands who die from it. Why do we not send a deputation of our scientists and research experts to ascertain the value of Spahlinger's serum, and if it proves to be a remedy then advance him capital for the sake of humanity. We think nothing of laying out millions of pounds per annum on new airships, etc., so why not spend our money now for our own bodily interest and so save further suffering.—*Unconquerable, Cornwall*.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Hope!

If all that is claimed by Spahlinger is true—or even one half of it—then humanity may live in hope. The ravages of the great white scourge are indeed terrible, and every facility should be given any man or body of men engaged in research and experimental work along the line of prevention. It is incredible that no country should have moved in the Spahlinger matter. Could not Britain, as in most things, give the world a lead?—*Mrs. H. N., Newcastle*.

Men to Blame.

"A Gentleman with a Duster" misses what, in my experience, is the main cause of death in childbirth—the ignorance and heartlessness of the men. I have had eleven children, and spent the last seven years in a country slum. Women are not allowed to take care of themselves, not even when doctors order it. Even when pregnant, men expect us to work as hard as usual. So educate the men in kindliness and knowledge.—*E. W., Hull*.

"A Black Offence."

I was the subject of your "Sentence of the Court" feature. I took part in the "Copec" discussion on "The Home" because I doubted the theory declared to be "fundamental to Christianity" that every personality should be regarded as "of equal value in the sight of God." Not that any, even the least and the worst, are outside God's family; all are ideally His children—but as a matter of history and experience many personalities—singly and in groups—have been blind to the presence of God in the world, deaf to His voice, dumb to respond—they have lived "without God and without hope." Their souls have been in darkness or in bondage, undeveloped or suppressed. And this type has passed on its tendencies to its children.—*A. Black*.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WEEK-END NOVELS":—"Chalfont turned his level-grey eyes to her PALE FLUSHED face."

"STAMFORD AND RUTLAND NEWS":—"The Premier, who did not indulge freely in conversation, was especially interested in the BEAUTIFUL WIDOWS."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—"The single slave bracelet is still worn above the elbow, but these others cluster together NEAR THE WAIST, and are of all sorts and sizes."

"WOMAN'S WORLD":—"Then, seating himself upon Theo Merton's bed, he propped his CHIN UPON HIS ELBOWS and waited."

"BARKING ADVERTISER" (advert.):—"Good Cook-General wanted; 24-30; SMALL HOUSE; 2 IN FAMILY."

"JOHN O' GROATS JOURNAL":—"She carried a beautiful shower bouquet, with MAUVE STRAINERS."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY GAZETTE":—"When he reached the end of the roof he was still fifteen feet from the ground, but was UNABLE to get to a water pipe, DOWN WHICH HE CLAMBERED."

Panel Lawyers.

As panel doctors are now a part of our national life, why not panel lawyers? The average individual, as a rule, has a very hazy idea of the law and its bearings on his particular case. Many suffer loss and trouble which could be avoided by law. Give us State lawyers, men of sympathy and knowledge, to whom we can go in any perplexity. There would be no shortage of "panel clients."—*N. E. T., Nuneaton*.

Foolish Betting.

How much longer is the anomaly of the rich man's privilege and the working man's penalty in betting to continue? Is the Labour Government shelving it? The working man has as much right to enjoy the privilege as the rich. If the Government cannot see its way to a tax it can easily remove the penalty which places the privilege beyond the working man's enjoyment. Betting is not immoral, nor is it getting money for nothing—there is always a stake.—*T. L. L., Nottingham*.

Britain's Manhood.

Your article on this subject was badly needed. If ever trade demands become normal we shall find our craftsmen missing, gone to give their brains and skill to foreign competitors. The skilled engineer can scarcely find means of subsistence in Britain to-day. It does not need a clever brain to realise that the first step in a nation's decadence is the "Wait and See" policy, while foreign and enterprising competitors are pushing ahead. Unfortunately, each succeeding Government seems less capable of dealing with the problem.—*L. R. O., Oldham*.

Brick Houses of Bedlam.

I am entirely in agreement with Sir Robert A. Hadfield's views. The drab monotony of the workmen's dwelling is no encouragement for him to evolve and enlarge his ideas. It is true that his work, for the most part, must be colourless, but he certainly should have a decent home to return to at the end of the day's labour. Instead of which he has to go to a place where he must sit in one particular spot all night, lest he should dirty the washed clothes which are hanging in the living room!—*G. Lucas, Battersea*.

Love After Health.

Reading the cold-blooded article, "Health first—then Love," one marvels at the mentality of these people who, from their eminence of perfection, seek to order the lives of their less perfect fellows. I, as a consumptive, would probably fall under the ban of "the man with the knife." Yet I contend that I am entitled to life and love, even as Preston King, M.D., J.P. I have one child, a girl of ten, in perfect health. Adequate housing, certain and regular work; therein lies the remedy for our physical ills.—*T. R., Swansea*.

Shylock's Circulars.

The Government should prevent the provinces from being flooded with the business-cadging, typewritten letters of London moneylenders, by compelling the Shylocks to pay full postage and seal their envelopes, instead of allowing them to go through with a halfpenny stamp. Grave harm is being done in British homes as a result of the letter-writing methods of the blood-suckers, and many people who would never have dreamt of visiting moneylenders have been tempted to fall. If the letters cannot be stopped altogether, it ought to be possible to make the senders pay.—*D. B., Darwen*.

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Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

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A SUPERFINE SOLID WORSTED SUIT TO MEASURE FOR £3-10-0

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ALSO SPECIAL OFFER OF THE BARRICO TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE

TRENCH COAT

(The Famous 4-in-1 Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **32/6** Carriage Paid.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT, stylishly cut and finished, which has stood the test of time in the most inclement weather.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED COATS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET.

£500 GUARANTEE

We will forfeit the sum of £500 if our 32/6 Trench Coat is not identical in quality with many coats which have been selling at 45/- and even higher prices. Our price-to-day in BLUE or FAWN is 32/6 only.

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full but also the postage incurred by your returning it. We are the only firm making this offer.

The Special Interlining renders it Stormproof.

A smart check lining gives an attractive and dressy finish to it.

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The excellent gabardine shell is of sterling and reliable quality.

Post us your remittance for 32/6, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

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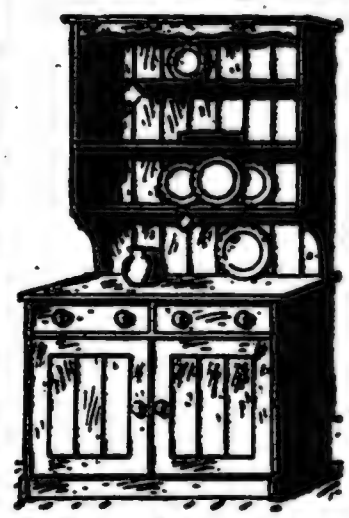

Full instructions for this Chest of Drawers are given on pages 1155–1157 in the "Practical Woodworker."

By following the instructions given on pages 790-792 in the "Practical Woodworker" you will easily be able to make this Kitchen Dresser.

Wouldn't you like to have a reputation for producing work with that dignified superiority that is so characteristic of the highly skilled craftsman? By working under the guidance of the experts who compiled the PRACTICAL WOODWORKER you will quickly acquire the skill and ingenuity of the most highly specialised experts.

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You can easily make this Dining Room Chair from the instructions given on pages 968-971 in the "Practical Woodworker."

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Chairs, Tables—Plain Side Table, Kitchen Table, Simple Table Typewriting Table, Office Table, Writing Table, Simple Occasional Table, Chess and Draughts Table, Octagonal Fancy Table, Square Fancy Table, etc., etc.—Cupboards and Wardrobes, Bed-Rests, Bedsteads, Beehives and Fittings, Tents, Boles, Book-Cases, Boot and Shoe Racks, Cabinets, Smoking Cabinets, Chair Swings for the Garden, Chesterfield Settees, Pigeon Cotes, Rabbit Hutches, Poultry Houses, Chest of Drawers, Dressing-Table, Greenhouses, Garden Frames, Clock Cases, Gramophone Cabinets, Furniture for the Hall, Incubators, Picture and Photograph Frames, Kennels, Mirror Frames, Office Cupboards, and all office furniture. Desks, Rustic Arches, Garden Seats, Pergolas, Garden Bungalow, Provision and Meat Safes, Vases, Ventilators, Wheelbarrows, Window-Frames, Domestic Woodware, Steps and Ladders, Staircases, Flower-Stands, Stool and Book-Trough combined, Tea-Caddy, Garden Canopies, Toys, Umbrella Stands, Upholstered Seats, Walking-Sticks, Hat-Racks, Rustic Garden Furniture, Tube and Churns, Summer-Houses, Dressers and Sideboards, Coalboxes, Doors, Sheds and Outdoor Erection, Garden Baskets, Small Portable Cycle-Shed, Sanatorium, Tool Shed or Garden Shelter, Motor-Cycle and Side-Car Shed, Garden Room, Table Drawers, Clothes Airer, etc.

On pages 373-374 in the "Practical Woodworker" are full instructions showing you how to make this hanging Plate Rack.

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A MAN'S SPORTS JACKET and a pair of **FLANNEL TROUSERS** Complete for **22/6** (Carriage Paid).

or separately the Jacket **13/9**; the Trousers **10/-** (Carriage Paid).

This fine SPORTS COAT is made from All-Wool Irish and Yorkshire Tweeds. A jacket which has proved itself so useful and economical that no man should be without one. It is a sensible sort of garment, too. Suitable for indoor or outdoor wear, for games, sports, and dressy for every occasion. Never out of place. Made in Greys, Fawns, and Drab shades, and is more than wonderful value at the price .. .. .. **13/9** Carriage paid.

When ordering state your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat).

These FLANNEL TROUSERS are made of real good quality Flannel, in a nice medium plain grey shade. We guarantee that these trousers are not only smart, but will wear well, and are fully equal to those sold at a guinea by the ordinary outfitter. They are cut and tailored in our own factory, and we sell them practically at cost in order to advertise our general suit and outfitting business.

Price **10/-** per pair (carriage paid).

When ordering give size round waist and inside leg measure.

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THE "CEBEDENE" (Regd.) Trench Coat is guaranteed absolutely waterproof, all seams being sewn and covered. In Fawn or Navy Blue, checked rubber lined, **with detachable wool lining.** This lining can be removed in the warmer weather, thus making the garment an "All the year round coat." Every coat bears the "Cebedene" label, without which no garment is genuine. The most perfect rain-resisting coat on the market. Stylishly cut and well tailored ... CURZON'S PRICE (*Fawn or Navy*) (Carriage Paid) **25/6**

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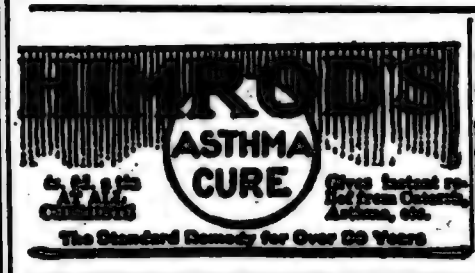

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FROM 2/- WEEKLY

He's having a saddle to suit—

TO suit his style of riding—with a frame and springs ideally adapted to his purpose.

Moreover, he is making sure that his new saddle will be giving comfort 10 years hence.

He can read it in the beautifully finished, well-proportioned solid leather piece of luxury.

He's making sure this time by having a luxurious

BROOKS

——are you?

We know our catalogue will interest you—if you are a keen rider.

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD.,
92, Criterion Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Foreign or British Cars

by MOTOMAC

THE motoring journals are full of lamentations. The sheltering wall built by McKenna has been knocked down by Snowden, and we are such useless weaklings that there is nothing for it but to lie down and die. Does any one really believe it?

We had a trade for motors before the days of the McKenna tariff. Napiers, Rolls, Daimlers, Crossleys, Sunbeams and many others made their way to the front in open competition with the world.

True, a boom in motoring came along when the shelter was in existence; but to be honest, was it entirely due to the tariff, or was it the national development of our love for the open air? The desire was there, the demand grew, both British and foreign cars participated in the business. We are not at the end of the road yet, and, tariff or no tariff, British and foreign cars will continue to be sold in quantities. They will be bought on their merits, and on merit our best makers will still hold their own.

Of course I have never been afraid of the foreign car. There is no danger of its ever becoming too cheap. I don't expect to see American cars come down 33 per cent. on August 1.

Ford had started his assembling depots here before the duties were imposed. It was a business proposition to be in touch with the market he was supplying. Others were following suit. The policy was hastened during the operation of the Act, and it will still be continued after it ceases to operate. Even the Citroen will not be down 33 per cent., although the energetic maker has been to America to buy the very latest machinery for car production.

Prophecy is a very dangerous business at any time, but I believe in our small car section we will still hold our own. Believing in the continued development of motoring amongst our own peoples, I will expect to see more Morris Cowleys sold in 1925 than in 1924, tariff or no tariff.

The great weakness in the Budget is that a Free Trade Chancellor should still retain the obnoxious Horse-Power Tax. Here, indeed, is a tax which undoubtedly operates in restraint of trade. Instead of organising our forces in the hope of retaining the tariff, concentrate our energies in driving home this other inconsistency. With the annual fine removed our home trade would be really encouraged for all types of cars, and there would be more demand for a bigger popular price model suitable for either home or export.

British shipbuilding or British textiles have no protection, neither do we tax a ship according to its engine capacity, nor a serge according to its quality.

Give British motors the same freedom as British shipping, and they will win out with any special fiscal favours. The British car is by no means down and out.

For particulars of nine cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

For *every* purpose—
for *every* pocket—
The
DUNLOP

group of cycle tyres meets the needs of every cyclist.

Whether you buy the supreme "Magnum" or the popular-priced Cambridge (a sturdy cord cover good for many miles of service), you can be sure of the utmost value-for-money.

You are safe if you specify Dunlop-built tyres.

ALL CYCLE AGENTS STOCK AND RECOMMEND THEM

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

Dunlop Magnum | Dunlop Roadster | Warwick Roadster | Cambridge Roadster

Ask for "Motoring at Tram-fare," depicting the car for shopping, business use, and week-end jaunts with the children.

ENJOY LIFE

Seats two adults with children; has electric lighting and horn, complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. 4-cylinder water-cooled engine, three speeds, and brakes on all wheels. Electrical starter.

WITH Austin Seven

Price complete at Works, £165

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Ltd., Longbridge, BIRMINGHAM. LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1 (near Marble Arch).

Less than 4d. a day

And you Ride as you Pay. That is what it actually costs you—wherever you live—to become the immediate proud possessor of a LADIES' or GENT.'S

WORLD'S STANDARD MODEL
GAMAGE POPULAR

Ladies' Model CASH: £5:12:9 Or DEPOSIT of 16/- and 12 Monthly payments of 9/-

Gent's CASH: £5:5:9 Or DEPOSIT of 15/- and 12 Monthly payments of 8/6

Fitted with the famous Non-Skid Tread Holborn Cord Studded Tyres, and delivered Carriage Paid complete with Pump, Tool Bag and Tools. Fully guaranteed. Write to-day for Photographs and full Specifications of *these magnificent Machines, or come along to Holborn and choose from stock.* HOW CAN WE DO IT? Huge sales, small profits, efficient organisation, and what only the few can boast of—a Lifetime's Experience in the Construction of Cycles.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, London, E.C.1
CHEAPSIDE HOUSE—BENETFINKS.

B.S.A.
Motor Bicycles

Catalogue and Hire Purchase terms free

from 2¼ h.p. to 8 h.p. Solo from £39 10s. Combination from £79 10s. Your local Agent will explain their many good points.

B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., 35 Small Heath, Birmingham.
Proprietors: The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd.

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE

GRAVES

The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7:10:0 (Ladies' Model same price)

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 20/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed.

10/- NOW

CATALOGUE Post Free

Complete range of Models

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Voice Fitness

Keep your voice fit by using 'Yadil' Pastilles. A single Pastille is often sufficient to remove all huskiness, hoarseness and other effects of overstrain. 'Yadil' Pastilles are used and pronounced excellent by members of both Houses of Parliament. For singers, actors, auctioneers, etc., they make life easier.

1/- per tin

Of all chemists or post-free from Clement & Johnson Limited 19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1.

'YADIL' PASTILLES

W.A.P.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 21.

D. C. (Durham).—"Life is a sea of troubles." With plenty of hardships.

L. P. (Mitcham).—"What can I say when my brothers call me the black sheep of the family?" Bah!

NANCY L. (Luton).—"I paid half-a-guinea to have my hair shingled." Too much. It's only about two bob to bob.

H. Q. (Hampstead).—"Politicians do not cut much ice." But how adept they are at skating over it when it is thin!

L. G. (London, S.W.).—"A lot of Mah Jong is played in Chelsea." We felt sure *something* was played there.

P. L. T. (Tonbridge).—"I always feel chirpy in the spring." Have you bought a canary waistcoat?

J. P. T. (Bromley).—"I have been round the globe many times." So has our goldfish.

D. F. (Leeds).—"Do you consider that a child should be named after its parents?" Yes, a considerable number of years after.

L. B. (Windermere).—"I was born a gentleman." Much nicer to be born a baby.

S. R. (Ashington).—"I'm wondering if you will publish my letter I can only say perhaps." And we can only reply, perhaps not.

R. P. (Bexhill).—"Ideas beget ideas, they are contagious." Then it's abundantly clear that you've succeeded in steering clear of an infected area.

B. L. (Bromley).—"Everybody should grow herbs in his garden which are better than all doctors' medicines." Sage counsel, but most of us have no thyme.

B. V. S. (Wandsworth).—"I've had a week's holiday, but I can't get away again." Went off without paying your bill, but got caught, eh?

G. R. L. (Carlisle).—"I may seem to be asking a great deal of the Government." That's all right, so long as it is a fair deal.

N. H. B. (Shoeburyness).—"Present-day M.P.s have to work hard." So hard that some of them rarely find time to get to Westminster.

Mrs. K. L. (Watford).—"I know men who are positively driven to drink by the conduct of their wives." Others, of course, offer no resistance and go quietly.

F. K. A. (Waterloo).—"A letter I have just received from Greece has taken six months on the journey." Then it was posted about seven and a half revolutions ago.

G. S. (Suva).—"Natives of Fiji render their skins thoroughly waterproof by liberal applications of coconut oil." A summer holiday in England should hold no terrors for them.

V. J. (Appleby).—"It was a rotten ship but the food was excellent." The barque was worse than the bite.

E. R. (Hinton Admiral).—"Being of a charitable turn I sent him £10." Evidently you were touched.

A. G. (Skegness).—"Would you like my photograph?" You may chance it, and if we don't we will send it back.

W. J. P. (Armadale).—"After all you can't eat money." And you'll eat a darned sight less without it.

T. B. (Cambuslang).—"My husband is a well-read man." And, we'll bet you're an expert at reading him.

A. R. B. (Chorley Wood).—"A soldier is always known as Tommy." And, in the Navy, every man Jack.

R. G. S. (Stourbridge).—"Husbands and wives should take separate holidays now and again." They do already, if divorce reports are to be trusted.

C. K. (Prittlewell).—"You have not heard the last of me." We can see what *your* ambition in life is—to become patron-saint of the waste-paper industry.

L. M. (Chelmsford).—"I got into a fight the other day after an argument as to who wrote the better hand." Did he dot your eye?

B. T. O. (Galston).—"Why do small boys always like to play at pirates?" Probably because their handkerchiefs come in so handy as Black Flags.

P. G. F. (Preston).—"It will settle a bet I have made with a chum if you will give the name of the inventor of Summer Time." Willet?

G. K. (Stockport).—"Last season I scored as many runs as the whole team put together." You were the scorer, of course.

N. S. (Ealing).—"Our legislators may be stupid, but it must be admitted that they are a body of straightforward men." Oh, yes. They realise that honesty is the best politics.

G. M. (Worcester).—"Something ought to be done to show our appreciation of the wonderful success of the Wembley Exhibition." We have no doubt that before long the *Daily Mail* will instruct all its readers to raise their hats to it.

R. S. (Salisbury).—"Ah me! Life isn't what it was!" And ar-my life, say in 1916, wasn't what it is to-day.

E. R. (Rhyl).—"Small men fight against long odds." Which is the long and the short of it.

J. K. (Pinner).—"There's little progress in spite of so much change." Well, small change isn't much use these days.

D. D. (Worthing).—"Sunday meetings should all be prohibited." We bet you've kept this dark from your fiancée!

P. E. (Luton).—"Marriage is still the lottery it always was." Consequently there are still prizes to be won.

P. M. F. (Smeaton).—"No holiday should exceed a month." Except for those on the road who go the pace and exceed the limit.

"SIXTY" (Bath).—"People seem to forget their manners nowadays." We are glad to learn that they still possess a few to forget.

K. T. E. (Hammersmith).—"A woman as M.C. would be as good as a man." Better perhaps—she's so used to leading men a dance.

EVA P. (Willesden).—"My hair is so thick that when I had it bobbed the barber said it blunted his scissors." You should have gone to a locksmith.

B. C. (Durham).—"How can a girl live a Christian life on 12s. 6d. a week?" How the dickens can she live any other sort?

M. E. (Baldock).—"Why don't people obey the injunction to 'Walk on the left'?". Surely it is always better to go right?

IVY S. (Harlesden).—"In spite of the shortage of men I am determined not to be left on the shelf." Now you're stalking.

R. L. (Wandsworth).—"I know a prison chaplain who has a strange fancy for keeping doves." After so many hours with the rooks, perhaps he finds it a relief to spend a few minutes with the pigeons.

WM. H. M. (Edmonton).—"Railway companies regard third-class passengers as cattle." But think of the alternative! To travel first-class and be regarded as an M.P.!

S. B. C. (Portsmouth).—"Whenever you find a man, you'll find trouble." Not always. Some men are bachelors.

Mrs. M. (Leeds).—"The mother of a young family must look the facts in the face." While father must look ahead.

VIOLET M. G. (Sale).—"Few actors are convincing as lovers." It all depends whether you mean on or off the stage!

"ARTISAN" (Tilbury).—"My prospects are small." They will increase if your prospect is large.

Miss T. (Harringay).—"I like gay clothes, and I make them all myself." You seem to enjoy sewing your wild pettic-oats.

T. W. (Trowse).—"I never beat my children." We are not surprised. The modern child soon leaves its parent behindhand.

E. R. (Newmarket).—"I wish the days would return when you could send four ounces for a penny." We don't. We found your two ounces quite sufficient.

T. N. H. (Margate).—"I have been rejected by six girls. What shall I do?" Let it rest at that. You may not be so lucky next time.

F. C. A. (Sydenham).—"I mean to accept the very first man who asks me to marry him." Sh! Don't let him know!

V. F. (Ipswich).—"The way girls make up nowadays makes me absolutely sick." But, remember, they're not quite as bad as they are painted.

H. S. (Liverpool).—"I have won 2s. 6d. in *Bullets* this week—a little fish, but sweet." Look out for next week's Holiday Prizes and hook a real big fish.

"ECONOMY" (Lochside).—"Cinders give out heat until they crumble to dust." Rather like the politicians who emit hot air until a similar moment.

C. L. Y. (Truro).—"I am a thirteenth child. Do you think I'm unlucky?" Not if you chose your parents with reasonable care.

O. W. (Lancaster).—"The Socialistic doctrine is to pit one class against another." And yet the extreme section want us all to pool together.

W. J. (Bayswater).—"Half the feathers sold as ostrich feathers are nothing of the sort." Then apparently that's their *nom-de-plume*.

J. K. (Kilburn).—"The gas in our house is so jerky that it is most trying to the eyes." Perhaps the local gas-therms have taken up modern dancing.

F. S. S. (Horncastle).—"My husband is all right, but I could have done better for myself." Perhaps *he* could, but is too polite to say so.

H. S. (Palmers Green).—"There are still villages in England which have not heard a jazz band." Beautifully still villages, we should imagine.

S. C. R. (Hampstead).—"The girl of to-day knows how to look after herself all right." And, if she's pretty, the young man of to-day puts in quite a lot of time looking after her too.

C. T. (Mayfair).—"Primitive man was dependent upon his bow for an occasional meal." Up-to-date woman also looks to her beaux for a regular supply of champagne luncheons.

P. Y. (York).—"I give you the bald facts about myself." Thanks. Even your photograph couldn't have given us a better idea of how you failed to keep your hair on.

J. R. B. (Catford).—"The American-made boot is in every way inferior to the British article." Good! Now you've saved us from putting our foot in it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

A. M. SAMUEL, M.P.:—Sound Tory finance has made the Labour Budget possible.

What made it possible was the scrapping of unsound Tory finance—such as Singapore.

* * *

BEN TILLETT, M.P.:—I do not agree with dropping the McKenna Duties.

Did you tell your constituents you were a Protectionist when you asked for their votes?

* * *

EVAN WILLIAMS:—Compared with a London street I think a colliery is fairly safe.

That deaths in mines average one every five hours is a sufficient answer.

* * *

SIR HERBERT NIELD, M.P.:—Our future depends on street-corner oratory.

Now we should have said it depended on policy—but you know best.

H. J. CLAYBODDIE:—We want a Mussolini or a Cromwell.

If it would mean the end of bletherings like yours it almost inclines us to agree.

* * *

MR. SHINWELL, M.P.:—We never promised to clear away fifty years of muddle in ten weeks.

But you promised to end unemployment. Who excuses himself, accuses himself.

* * *

JUDGE CRAWFORD:—I wish it were better known how generous landlords are.

We're so impressed with the patience and long suffering of tenants that we hadn't noticed it.

* * *

RAMSAY MACDONALD:—I am not afraid of monopolies.

Smooth words butter no parsnips. You said you were going to break the rings. We're still waiting.

IMPORTANT.

A special representative of "John Bull" has inspected the originals of the testimonials reproduced in this advertisement and certifies they are genuine.

Start that Mail Order Business of your own!

Make Extra Money in your Spare Time

Commence to-Day -No Delay

Send for FREE BOOKLET "By Post to Prosperity"

AMONG the busiest and happiest of folk nowadays are men and women who have learned how to make money by post. See in the leading national daily and weekly newspapers the rapidly growing number of Mail Order announcements. Note how these advertisers continue to advertise, proving that it pays to do so.

Hundreds of these people—in almost every pursuit of life—are to-day running sound and prosperous Mail Order Businesses. This is because the Shaw Institute has helped them to succeed, for it aims at practical results—and *GETS THEM!* The Shaw Institute will help *YOU* also.

Mail Order has immense possibilities and the expenses are so small as to make this far more profitable than any other method of doing business. One of its chief attractions is that you can build up a business which can be started at home in your spare time, or from a small office, and without giving up any present employment. To start a Mail Order business requires very little outlay. Stocks can be purchased as the orders come along, and overhead charges are practically nil. Compare such a small expense of a Mail Order business with that of a Shop or Works, which calls for considerable capital for Stock, Staff, Machinery, Rent, etc.

You Can Start To-day.

Experience is not necessary, and it makes no difference in what locality you live. Your stock in trade need not consist of more than a small supply of goods, kept in the spare room if you like, and a few printed letters. With but a pound or two capital, and devoting only a little of your leisure hours to the work, you can build up a big and lucrative business which undoubtedly may enable you to give up ill-paid and uncongenial employment to devote your own time to your own thriving concern in the same way as hundreds of Shaw Students are doing to-day. Student No. 1729 (whose letter appears adjoining) had had no experience whatever when he took up the Mail Order business. He wrote for a copy of the Free Booklet "By Post to Prosperity," and he is to-day running a successful Mail Order business.

Send for Free Booklet.

This wonderful Free Booklet, *By Post to Prosperity*, will show interested readers the way to start on the right lines; shows how to set about establishing a successful Mail Order business; how to sell economically and effectively; how and what people to circularise; how £5 can be made the basis of independence, etc., etc. This and further valuable information is contained in the Booklet, a free copy of which will be sent you if you use the Coupon below.

Send No Money—merely use Coupon below, and you will receive gratis and for nothing a copy of this wonderful FREE BOOKLET *By Post to Prosperity*, which shows you how you can start a spare or whole-time Mail Order business at home. Send for it at once and investigate for yourself.

This may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to do something more than you ever thought possible. The field of Mail Order is practically unlimited, and the Shaw Institute contends, that no matter where you live, or what your position, providing you are ambitious, a scheme can be outlined to meet your special requirements.

Read these Letters

The orginals may be seen at the Offices of the Shaw Institute, 1, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1.

STUDENT No. D. 160.—*I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for the very helpful advice and information contained in your Mail Order Course. As you are aware, I was not a novice in business matters when I enrolled, but I have been very pleasantly surprised to discover the immense wealth of information and new ideas which you embody in the course. To an inexperienced person, your lessons—by reason of the clarity of their explanation—cannot be difficult to digest, and in the case of hardened business men I can say, in all truth, that they would be the richer, intellectually, if they would peruse your course. Your strong point seems to be that you cater for every class and grade—which is no doubt the secret of your success. As I am not in the habit of writing testimonials, please accept this as an expression of grateful satisfaction.*

STUDENT No. J.B. 2030.—*I must just let you know that since becoming one of your students my income has been constantly increased, and upon an outlay of a few pounds I have realised a net profit of 200 per cent. I trust my good fortune will continue, and I can assure you I shall ever feel grateful to you for your profitable help.*

STUDENT No. 1729.—*It is now exactly five months since I commenced your Mail Order Course and I thought you might be interested to hear of my progress. I commenced trading immediately on completion of the third lesson, and have never looked back, in fact I now occupy my own office, a fact of which I think I can feel justly proud in so short a period. My present position is solely due to your excellent course of instruction and to the splendid profits obtainable. If only more people realised the enormous possibilities of Mail Order Trading there would be thousands enjoying a much more comfortable and less money-harassed life. I consider it my best speculation. Thanking you for all your course has done for me and for your ever-ready help when I have been in doubt.*

STUDENT No. H. 139.—*The whole course is splendid and not one moment have I felt that it was not what you claim it to be, full of interest, and it makes one think of things which before never entered my head. It opens up hundreds of possible ways of making money.*

STUDENT No. B. 72—*I have made a start and have done so well that I have nearly paid for my course out of profits as a result of one week's work.*

You Commit yourself to nothing by writing—

SO WRITE TO-DAY

COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To the Secretary,
The Shaw Institute (Dept. 24E), 1, Montague Street, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me FREE and Post Free, your brochure "By Post to Prosperity," and other literature showing how I can start a spare or whole time business at home, and how £5 can be made the basis of independence.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 10.5.24.

DUGGAN'S DERBY ☘ SCHEME

In aid of the Meath Hospital, Dublin

Conducted by R. J. DUGGAN

ORIGINATOR of the FAMOUS DUBLIN PRIZE DISTRIBUTIONS

£25,000

CASH MUST BE WON!

1st £10,000 2nd £5,000 3rd £2,500

132 other Cash Prizes from £500 downwards

ENTIRE PRIZE MONEY DEPOSITED with Editor of "SPORTING LIFE"

NOT A LONG-DRAWN-OUT BALLOT

ONLY 3 WEEKS MORE!

POSITIVELY CLOSING JUNE 2nd

GET YOUR NUMBERED TICKETS *NOW!*

10/- each 3 for 25/-

By Post from

R. J. DUGGAN, Dept. B, 14, Regent St., London,

***On Sale at:*—82a, CHARING CROSS ROAD (Opposite Palace Theatre)**

or 38, Dame Street, Dublin.

FITS CAN BE CURED.

Permanent Recovery Possible.

GREAT FREE OFFER.

There is no infirmity so distressing, either to the sufferer or to those around him, as epilepsy and those kindred nervous complaints which recurring more violently and unexpectedly at shortening intervals, render the life of the sufferer one round of misery.

IT HAS LONG BEEN SUPPOSED THAT FITS WERE NOT CURABLE, AND MANY AN UNFORTUNATE SUFFERER HAS SPENT LARGE SUMS IN SEARCH OF THE ALLEVIATION THAT ORDINARY REMEDIES, HOWEVER EXPENSIVELY PRICED, CAN NEVER BRING.

It was left for Dr. S. B. Niblett to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave thirty-five years' close study to epilepsy and fits—devoted a lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—which he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we to-day make a remarkable offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease.

May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by thousands of patients thoroughly cured?

Nor is Dr. Niblett's treatment other than pleasant, its simplicity and the ease with which it may be carried out being marked features.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOTTLE AND TREATMENT BOOKS, ALL SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION (FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY) TO ANYONE WHO HAS NOT PREVIOUSLY HAD THIS REMEDY. WRITE TO-DAY TO—

B. W. NIBLETT,

38, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2.

LAME DOGS AND STILES

Wonders Worked by a Helping Hand

THERE are more ways than one of helping lame dogs over stiles. Some people do it with the foot, kicking the poor creature over and caring nothing what happens to it on the other side, well-satisfied to be able to rid themselves so easily of a whining nuisance.

Such is the method of their so-called charity. Their bowels of compassion are dried and withered, and the milk of human kindness is not in them.

That is not the way of "The Greatest of These——" Fund. We aim at driving away despair and restoring hope, at preserving a proper self-esteem, at making the many beneficiaries of our great Fund feel that in the readers of JOHN BULL who provide the money which we distribute they have friends who take a living interest in their welfare, a real brotherhood of the helping hand.

There are innumerable cases brought to our notice in which the provision of food and raiment for half-starved, ill-clad children, of special nourishment for nursing mothers, of shelter for the homeless, are a first necessity. That is one part of our work, but it is not all.

Many a man through sheer misfortune has become destitute and been compelled to ask for Poor Law Relief or even to seek the dispiriting hospitality of the workhouse, who, with a little assistance, might quickly be restored to self-respect and regain his place as a self-supporting citizen. We strive to rescue such from despondency and set them on their feet again.

There was a man in the Midlands who had suffered such a series of reverses since he was discharged from the Army that he had had to pawn even his medals for food. Broken in health and spirit by long privation and hardship, he was in danger of becoming a permanent charge on the rates.

In a final effort to free himself from the slough of despond into which he had fallen, he wrote requesting our advice and assistance. He had discovered a recipe for making a household requisite which he believed he could manufacture at home, and sell at a fair profit.

We provided the very small amount of capital that was necessary for him to make a start, and within a month we were gratified to receive a letter from him enclosing a budget of orders which showed that his little business was already prospering.

He is one of dozens who are grateful to the readers of JOHN BULL, whose subscriptions to "The Greatest of These—" Fund have enabled them to make a fresh start in life and hold up their heads once more.

We need increased support to extend this work. You may rest assured that not a penny of your contributions will be used unwisely, and we gladly bear all the administrative expenses of the Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Long Eaton, 1s.; H. Mills (Norwich), 1s.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; Miss Wheeler, 1s.; "6447," 10s.; F. J. B. H. (Devon), 10d.; Mrs. J. E. Jacques, 15s.; A Friend (Lille), 4s.; Anon., 5s.; T. A. Love, 10s.; "Anon," £10 10s.; "London, S.W.1," 3s.; "Mick" (Ormskirk), 5s.; "Kia-Ora," 5s.; "W.," £1; Mrs. Treble, 6d.; "Belated Ninth," 4s. 6d.; T. W. Andrews, 2s.; T. W. M. (Manchester), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Annie Wilson, 1s.; "Amor" 5s.; M. Fairhurst, 2s.; M. E. Bailey, 1s. 1d.; Mrs. Fraser 2s. 6d.; Tony S.S., 5s.; Henrietta Porter, 5s.; A. H Sinton, £10 10s.; E. M. Beckett, 1s.; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; A. W. Morris, 6d.; D. Westwater, 1s.; "48," 5s.; Easter Gift, M. O., 2s.; My Ninth, W. A. F., 1s. 6d.; T. E. D., Fifth, 2s. 6d.; "Blunt Irons," 1s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Lucky Dollie, 2s. 6d.; Edith Landray, 1s.; "For the Old Lady's Birthday," 2s.; "Easter Offering," 2s.; "Old Sundowner," 2s. 6d.; S. Neal, 10s.; E. M. Bull, Easter Offering, 5s.; In Loving Memory, 5s.; I. M., 2s.; To Some Friend From A Friend, 10s.; Orebattle (Kelso), 2s. 6d.; Ellen Paisley, 2s. 6d.; One Who Understands, 2s. 6d.; Hopeful, 6d.; "With Best Wishes," 2s.; "Watch Dog," 10s.

(Continued from page 31).

Major C. Nicholson, The Hermitage, Weymouth; G. Oldroyd, 88, Edge Lane, Thornhill, Dewsbury; W. G. Oxnam, 4, Queen's Terr., Torrington, Devon.; C. D. Patterson, 38, Scottish Provident Bldgs., Belfast; T. B. Parnson, 23, Moorside Terr., Fagley, Bradford; W. D. Payne, 12, Jacks Terr., Tyne Dock, South Shields; Mrs. F. Price, 4, Henrietta Pl., Park St., Hereford; E. Riley, 42, Sowerby St., Sowerby Bridge; K. Roberts, "Tynlon," Treborth, Bangor, N. Wales; H. Rose, 198, Woodborough Rd., Nottingham; G. W. Saxon, 9, Norman Rd., Canterbury; J. Scott, 17, Cranbury Rd., Fulham; Miss M. Seagrove, 45, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood; W. J. Sharples, 11, Dale St., Lancaster; A. E. Sims, Ash Rd., Lightpill, Stroud; Mrs. Stovell, The Race Course, Windsor; R. Strainge, 468, Belchers Lane, Ideal Village, B'ham; Mrs. G. Taylor, 22, Beaumont Terr., Spennymoor, Co. Durham. H. W. Townshend, 4, Haslemere Rd., Winchmore Hill; A. R. Tyce, 68, St. Clement's Hill, Norwich; J. Tymon, 9, St. Mary's Walk, Scarborough; C. L. Walker, Castledene, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.; J. H. Wells, Gladstone Houses, Red Hill, Belgrave, Leicester; E. White, 116, Ladysmith Rd., Grimsby; H. Willetts, "Evelyn" House, Wilton Rd., Salisbury; W. J. Williamson, Scattlands, Westmandwich, Yell, Shetland; A. G. Wilson, 10, Pierremont Cres., Darlington; Mrs. F. Wood, 17, Bankfield St., Blackley, Lancs; Miss M. Wootton, 7, Brook St., Tavistock.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" WONDERFUL HOLIDAY OFFER.

1st Prize—$1,000; 2nd Prize—$250; 3rd Prize—$100.

Holiday Prizes—4 of $25; 10 of $20; 20 of $10.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES—"BULLETS" No. 523.

SEEING THE EMPIRE—THE HOME BUDGET—WHY HE WAS SILENT—HER FIRST—LOVE AND HATE—ALADDIN'S LAMP—IN GLOWING COLOURS—FOR ALL WE KNOW—RAY OF HOPE—MY GARDEN—WHY SHE MARRIED—INCREDIBLE—WHAT CURED HER—NO SPORT—HOW TROUBLE BEGAN—DARK DEEDS—HALF THE BATTLE—VERY SWEET—HER BEST FRIEND—SILLY IDEA.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on page 31, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MAY 29th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **523** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 523, JOHN BULL, LONG Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 522.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 519.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

MR. E. MORRIS, (Watchman), Town Hall, Camberwell, London, S.E.

Example:—SEEMS ALL WRONG
Bullet:—PUPILS DECIDING SCHOOL AGE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mrs. R. COOPER, 52, Moss Street, Bagsley, Stockport.
Example:—IF I WERE RICH
Bullet:—ONE PLEASURE LOST—ANTICIPATION.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. G. W. DAVEY, Contractor—Opposite Gasworks, Park Road, Worksop.
Example:—A HERO
Bullet:—COUNTS MONEY—MERSEY, DAVE.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. D. BARTON, 71, Beaufort Street, Warrington, Lancs.
Example:—SEEMS ALL WRONG
Bullet:—FAT AGITATOR'S "FELLOW SUFFERERS."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. W. H. BALLARD, The Hall, Coy Lane, Pennerham, Pontefract:
Example:—SELDOM SAID
Bullet:—"WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SUNRISE!"

20 Prizes of £10 each:

E. HADLEY, 28, Bristnall Hall Rd., Warley, Langley, Nr. B'ham.:
THE BOSS'S CHAIR—WORKMEN BALLOTING FOR SOON.

W. EVELEIGH, 9, Great Newport Street, W.C.:
HARD TO EXPLAIN—SO LECTURER SAYS "OBVIOUSLY."

F. JOHNSON, 9, Neale Road, Charlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester:
SELDOM SAID—NO—TO THOSE'S OFFER.

E. M. SPICER, 52, Overview, Sanderdale, S.W.:
THE BOSS'S CHAIR—THOSE BACK—MOVE FORWARD.

Miss C. P. GOUGH, London Street, Godmanchester:
OPENING—FRANCE'S FIST, TOUCH ION.

Mrs. F. STONE, Lesser Street, Eskestone, Nr. Devizes:
SELDOM SAID—"GOOD WILL BE GOOD."

W. T. SURTEES, Meadow View, Ridding, Mill-on-Tyne:
SEEMS ALL WRONG—MY GOVERNESS—TO OBTAIN.

E. B. S. ALEXANDER, 36, South Road, Hillcot, Berks.:
OPENING—THIRD CLASS, MINNIE'S PENCILPOLISHES.

T. MORLEY, 22, Albert Terr., Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent:
LABOUR TROUBLES—LESS RESISTANT THAN EMPIRE'S.

Mrs. R. SMITH, 90, Cranston Place, Blackburn:
FRESH DAILY—EVICTIONS FROM POLLY'S PARADISE.

C. S. BUCK, 24, Paget Street, Cardiff:
FRESH DAILY—SUGGESTED TITLE, "STRIKES CHRONICLE."

Mrs. CHURCHILL, c/o 72, Broughton Road, Sanscombe, Cheshire:
ANOTHER HOUSE—AVAILABLE, SPOILS MANY BRIDES.

A. HARDING, 9, Stafford Road, Bow, E.:
HOW HE WAS CAUGHT—BEARDED CHINESE—PURSUER WALKED.

T. L. BROOKS, 20, Stamford Street, Millbrook, Stalybridge:
POOR SUBSTITUTE—OTHER SCORES WITHOUT GOAL.

J. STENNER, Mood Nickel Works, Oldbach, Swansea:
THE BOSS'S CHAIR—CONFIDENTIAL CLERK SELDOM ENVIES.

Mrs. MALONE, 12, Clermont Avenue, Redland, Bristol:
THE GIRL HE ADORES—"PHYLLIS"—BUT MARRIED "JANE."

Mrs. A. WALTON, 66, Albany Road, Doncaster:
UNREASONABLE—PRICE, SEVERN GRANDMOTHER'S CURE.

H. LEADBEATER, 20, Eliot Street, Bootle, Lancs.:
HOW HE WAS CAUGHT—SHELLEY, PHOTOGRAPHER DREW CORK.

H. A. KELLEY, 52, Allerman's Road, Wallasey, Cheshire:
OPENING—EYES, REGIMENT REASONS GUIDE.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. WATSON, 7, Manor Road, Scarborough:
AT HER BEST—AFRICAN NATIVE'S WEMBLEY WIFE.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

C. H. Ball, 112, Oakfield Rd., Penge; C. H. Barker, 18, Broad St., Swindon; G. Barnes, c/o Foulsers' Wine Stores, High Rd., Balham; S. Y. Barnes, The Stores, Melton, Woodbridge; G. Barrett, 14, Pincott Gdns., Exeter; Mrs. Bailey, London Rd., Hailsham; E. P. Bell, 22, Shipton St., Stratford; J. J. Bentley, 48, Sheen Park, Richmond, Surrey; E. Bebbe, 4, Marmadule St., Liverpool; A. C. Bliss, Kingsley, Bradon; Miss M. Boyd, 129, Stanhope Rd., Longsight, M/c.; E. K. Bradford, Gunsbury, Nr. Rotherham; W. Braithwaite, 6, Harecourt St., Workington, Cumb.; J. Bright, 17, Hester St., Pallion, Sunderland; R. Brooker, 32, High St., Merton; Miss Cole, Oakton, High St., Stalbridge, Yorks.; Mrs. V. Cole, 1, Green View Terr., Tunbridge, Monmouths.; S. Court, 19, Willoughby Lane, Tottenham, N.; P. A. Cowley, 38, Hulse Rd., Salisbury; F. H. Cowling, 9, Townsend Villas, Plymouth; J. Cowperthwaite, Elsinore, Gartsang Rd., Fulwood, Preston; J. Clarke, 66, Longford Rd., Cheadle-cum-Heaty, M/c.; G. Dain, 93, Beacon Hill Road, Newark, Notts.; J. Davies, The Gardens, Pontneathvaughan, Glam.; L. G. Davis, 9, Potters Lane, Wednesbury; C. Downey, Bascombe, Bradford Rd., Golders Green, N.W.; D. J. Dowlin, 42, Wake Green Rd., Moseley, B'ham.; A. Downey, Thorpe Willoughby, Selby, Yorks.; Mrs. M. Downs, 37, Gratton Houses, Globe Rd., Bethnal Green; A. E. Deacon, 185, Woodbury Rd., Nottingham; R. H. Drew, Garrison Office, Victoria Bks., Bedford; Mrs. E. Duck, 28, Redditch Rd., Southall; A. Edwards, 22, New St., St. Ishen, Oxford; E. H. Eagleton, Strand Lane, Nr. Derby; Miss M. Ellis, 12, Trinity Rd., Aberystwyth; A. Ellerington, Glenhaven, Bedhouse; Mrs. E. Fisher, Bankton, Nr. Walkeridge; R. R. Gentry, 4, Mather St., Macclesfield; Mrs. M. Gill (staff), The Elms, Iffley, Oxford; W. Gillett, 29, The Crescent, Chorley; Mrs. E. Gray, 46, South Church Rd., Bishop Auckland; Mrs. E. Grimes, 228, Freshfield Rd., Brighton; G. E. Hadfield, 4, College Terr., Savile Pk., Halifax; W. A. Hammonds, 14, Gladiar's Rd., West Kensington; R. Harris, Station House, Pengam, Cardiff; P.C. Hassard, 27, Orchard Gdns., Teignmouth; A. Hastings, 10, Hopefield Rd., Leicester; Miss M. Hawkins, 28, Blacklands St., Biddenster; W. L. Hooper, 48, Godolphin Rd., Hatton, Cornwall; Miss G. Hunter, Thame-cliff, Kitchener St., Widnes, N.E.; A. Hyam, 13, Queen St., Lancaster; F. James, 187, Malahant St., Cardiff; F. G. Johnson, 128, Goldsmith Row, Hackney Rd. E.; P. Kennaugh, 15, Sackling Av., Norwich; Miss K. Kelly, Park House, Cheadle Hill, Nottingham; W. H. Kiely, "Abbots Leigh," Heraritage Rd., St. Johns, Woking; Miss D. Kember, Sherwood Farm, Cirencester; J. Lambert, 7, Nightingale St., Keighley; E. Lees, 15, Pulteney Gardens, Bath; Mrs. Lyon, 236, Dunstable Rd., Luton; A. Mackie, 49, Strathcona Drive, Auchenhead, Glasgow; D. Mackie, Newtown Smithy, Kirkcaldy; Mrs. S. McCormack, 2, Whitehill Terr., Cathcart, Glasgow; C. J. McIntyre, 28, Morley Rd., Levenshulme, M/c.; E. Marshall, Staff G.P.O., Cranbrook; J. R. May, Clarence Rd., Wyeside, I.O.W.; F. A. Miller, Park Nook, by Tarland, Aberdeenshire; Mrs. E. Moore, "Hazelwood," Central Promenade, Douglas, I.O.M.; W. Moore, 42, Cranbury Rd., Eastleigh; W. H. Morgan, 9, Clarence Terr., Stockton-on-Tees; J. Naughton, 6, Henry Street, Holyhead;

(Continued on page 30.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 522.

WEMBLEY EXHIBITS
IN LONDON NOW
HOME LIFE
CUP OF TEA
WHAT WE HEAR
BEST BOY
IN THE COLONIES
LANDED
AT HER FEET
SOON SETTLED
MOMENT OF MADNESS
WRONG TIME
ALL SMILES
AS SHE'S PAINTED
MOTHER'S DUTY
CHANGING HIS ARM
AT A DISTANCE
BRIGHT SPARK
HIDE AND SEEK
SKILLED HAND
LADY NEXT DOOR
YOUNG COUPLE
FOR REASONS UNKNOWN
DIVING
WHY SHE CRIED
CHIEF ATTRACTION
WHAT BABY LIKES
MY DINNER
WHEN DANGER'S NEAR
AFTER MIDNIGHT
A SQUARE MEAL
AVOIDING PUNISHMENT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—YOUTH *Bullet*:—"CAGED" WILL BECOME "WILD."
Example:—THE SEQUEL *Bullet*:—SUCCESSFUL STRIKE—SUCCESSIVE STRIKES.
Example:—LIKE MAGIC *Bullet*:—BET CONJUROR'S RABBIT DOESN'T.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 522, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 15.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(522) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 15.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(522) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

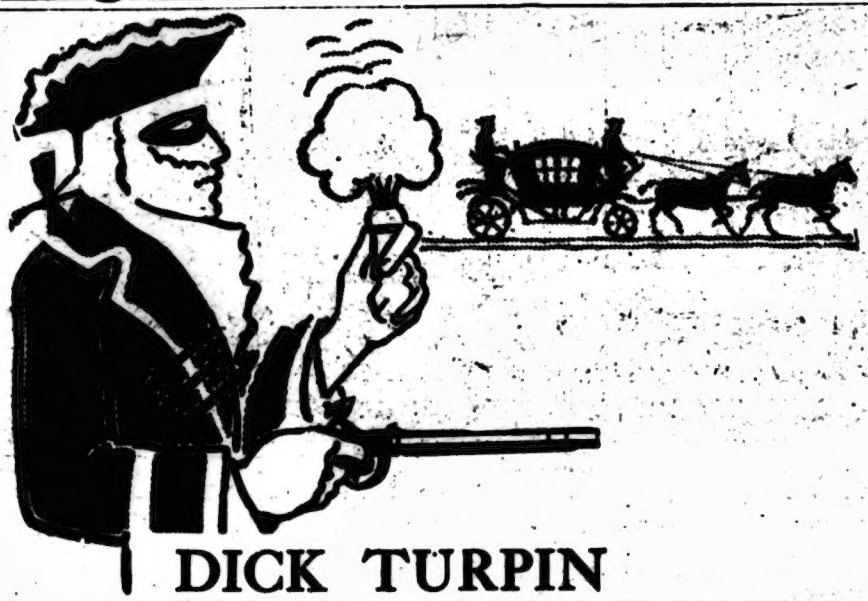
Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 15.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(522) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 15.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(522) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2/
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 522 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of 200 Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 519 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."



DICK TURPIN
WAS A HANDSOME BLADE HE WOULD HAVE APPRECIATED

ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK

Ask your own blade to give an opinion on the matter. Erasmic every time, it will tell you. And so will your chin, which Erasmic leaves so smooth and comfortable. Erasmic is the shaving stick of strong men. Its potent but soothing lather can deal with the strongest beard.

BRITISH—THEREFORE BEST

Erasmic, Perfumers, London.

ER 36-24

Are you troubled by Eczema or Pimples?

Antexema cures eczema of the legs

Are you worried day and night by itching, burning eczema? Is your face or neck disfigured by this distressing skin illness? Or have you eczema on your hand, chest, leg, or any part of your body? If so, let us assure you that you need not suffer in this way, for whatever the form of eczema from which you suffer, Antexema will give you immediate relief and quickly free you from it once for all.

Humiliation, discomfort, and annoyance are caused by disfiguring pimples, blackheads, blotches, and face spots. They look ugly, and frequently they cause intense irritation, and spoil one's chances of business and social success. Not only so, but in many cases an eruption of pimples is the first sign of coming skin illness.

Antexema cures children's rashes.

Get Antexema To-day

and stop the progress of your skin illness at once. Not only does Antexema cure eczema and face spots, but bad legs, bad hands, scalp troubles, rashes, skin irritation, red, rough, and chapped skin, and every other skin trouble of children and adults.

Antexema is supp'ied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army & Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridges, Whiteley's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical, or post free direct 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

☞ *Use Antexema Soap (pine tar) and keep your skin clear of all blemishes, and protect yourself against infection. It is fragrant, refreshing and healthful. 8d. Tablets.*

Skin Suffering at an end

The terrible pain of ulcerous wounds is relieved at once by this wonderful dressing, and permanent healing is assured.

MRS. WADHAM, 11, CATHERINE GROVE, GREENWICH, says:—"I had suffered for years with bad leg. A scratch started the first ulcer, and nothing I used made any improvement. Then I had medical treatment for eighteen months, and was told I must rest the leg or it would never get well. I couldn't do that, so I went on suffering, the trouble spreading all the time till there were more than thirty separate wounds between knee and ankle. The pain was something frightful. I could not rest night nor day for it, and nothing I could get was the slightest use. Then one day a friend told me about Germolene, and I tried it at once. Oh! it was just lovely to feel how it soothed. I continued the dressings, and in a week or two my leg was actually cured. That was a year ago, and still it is sound and well."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-
Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Use Germolene for Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

THIS MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH is YOURS for 6D.

THE WONDER WATCH, 10-JEWELLED COMPENSATED NON-MAGNETIC LEVER.

Every "John Bull" reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Heavy Silver-finished case with double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity, or self-magnetism). Dead accurate, timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

FREE

Handsome Pocket to Pocket Albert with Seal Attachment FREE with every watch.

So sure are we that You Will be More Than Satisfied that we send this handsome Watch post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receipt you send 2s. 6d. more and the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 2s. each until 25s. is paid. Price cash with order or balance within 7 days 22s. 6d. only. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days.

SIMPSONS (Brighton) Ltd.,
DEPT. 376,
94, QUEENS ROAD,
BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

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The Sketch

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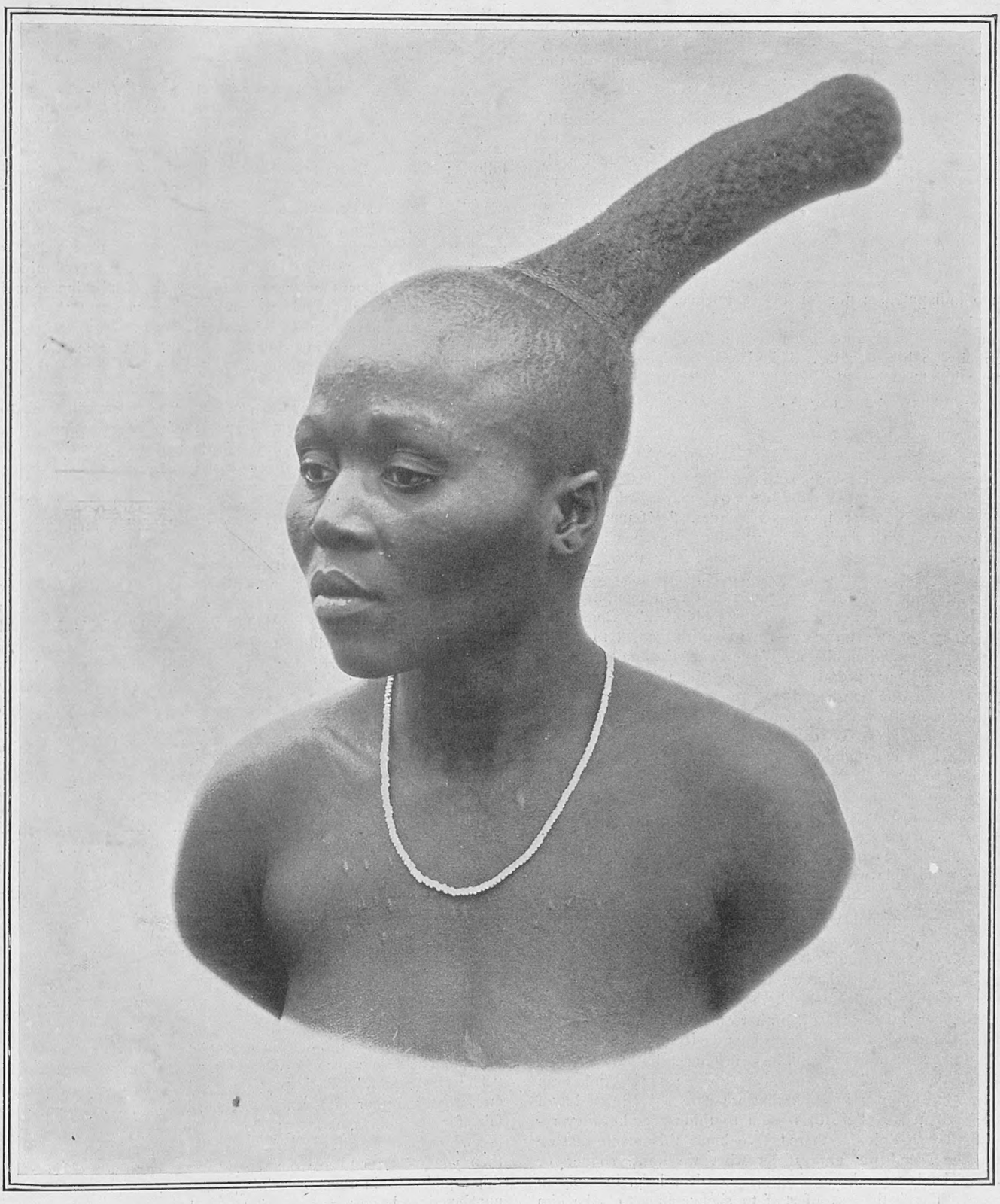

THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.